

The Academy and Literature

EDITED BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

No. 1697. Established 1869.

London: 12 November 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

Notes

THE expression "minor poet" is apt to carry a somewhat contemptuous signification. There are a large number of fairly good minor poets to-day, but how few of them are patronised by the public and how many publish at their own expense. The truth is that their excellence is mainly technical and mere technical excellence cannot go very far. A critic says: "All great poems are based on illusion, but illusion is becoming harder and harder to keep up; the only thing left is poetry based on disillusion." The best poetry of the last fifteen years has been the compound of pessimism, psychology and sentimentalism written in France. But the English genius has lacked both the lightness of style and the wistfulness of mood requisite for that species of the art.

MR. HALL CAINE, who is interviewed in the current "Book Monthly," is extraordinarily sanguine concerning both the present and the future of the novel; but I confess I disagree with many of his conclusions. *A propos* of the contemptuous depreciation of fiction as but light literature Mr. Hall Caine speaks as follows:

"Will it be unpardonable if a novelist should say that poor, maligned and belittled fiction, in its best examples at all events, requires more and better gifts in its producer than the much-belauded history, biography, and criticism. How does the historian write history? By the study of characters and events. The novelist writes his fiction by the same means, only he has to begin by making his characters and his events. How does the biographer write his biography? By the collating of documents and the analysis of motives. The novelist writes his novel just so, only he creates his documents and his motives also."

Now this theory only holds good to a *very* limited extent. To write a really first-class novel does no doubt require as rare and as high qualities as to write a first-class history or biography; but with works of inferior quality—it is with them after all that we have to deal, there being no reasonable doubt that with some half a dozen exceptions all the novels published nowadays are inferior—the opposite is the case. To write a third or fourth-rate novel requires neither knowledge of human life nor even conscientious application, but merely a capacity for impudence and a ready pen. Mr. Hall Caine's judgment is manifestly at fault when he speaks of Wilkie Collins as a representative novelist, and when he lays down the dictum that "Every chapter, every page of a novel must flow with a never-ceasing current of emotion, or it is dead and dry as dust." I admit, of course, that the really great novelist is

usually a man of more or less intense temperament; but so exaggerated an emotionalism as Mr. Hall Caine advocates is a fatal fault and must inevitably be destructive of



MISS HELEN KELLER

[Photo. Whitman Studio, Chelsea, Mass.]

that artistic symmetry which requires a colder and more dispassionate frame of mind. What is needed, in fact, is not "a love of humanity," but an interest in and understanding of human nature.

THE following statement, too, is startling: "I believe the professions of the novelist and dramatist are only in their infancy in England as yet. In the time to come a man will only have to write one drama or one novel with a vogue to become a man of influence and even of fortune." Of fortune possibly, but the very small circle with whom our really first-class novelists are a power bodes ill for the influence of the great writer.

MR. COOPER in this month's New York "Bookman" supplies an interesting, though probably unconscious, counterblast to Mr. Courtney's "The Feminine Note in Fiction." On the same theory that there are men's men and women's men so are there men's novels and women's novels. I quote two salient passages:

"The early pioneers of fiction who won their place among the world's great writers, from Rabelais and Cervantes to Defoe and Fielding and Smollett, wrote primarily for men, and their readers have been chiefly men, from their own day down to ours. They were frank, outspoken, robust writers, ever readier to laugh than to weep over the world's lapses in virtue. With startling directness, they gave the plain blunt names to many other things than spades, and with little regard for the sensibilities of delicate ears. Yet certainly it was not for their coarseness, but rather in spite of it, that men who were men read and valued them, and put them on the shelf of the world's classics. The world's foibles and vices are, unfortunately, a part of the web and woof of life, and the conscientious novelist cannot disregard them. But to the masculine mind, it is less offensive to get the bare truth with the verbal directness of a medical text book than the same idea wrapped up in a mist of perfumed words. A man will usually give the preference to Zola, in spite of his moral garbage and soiled linen, over Bourget, who hides equivalent immoralities under the heavy fragrance of the boudoir."

"On the whole, it seems that the power to write the Man's Novel is not a question of subject or method or literary school, but of the individual novelist's attitude towards life. And probably the nearest approach that one can make to a set formula is to quote those hackneyed lines from Byron, 'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence.' The man's novel, whether it treats of love or not, frankly recognises that there are other interests in life that are fully as important. And if in the onward rush of the story the heroine is lost sight of, for a hundred pages or more; if a soldier's honour or friendship's loyalty is weighed in the balance against woman's love; if the woman dies or a rival wins her before the story is half told—none the less the book may stand as a prime favourite with its men readers, when women discard it as dull and disappointing."

It is interesting to note that the writer considers Mr. Conrad and Mr. Kipling the two most prominent English examples of men's novelists.

THE same magazine has a note on the Decline and Fall of Mr. Zangwill, as evidenced by his new plays, "Merely Mary Ann" and the "Serio-Comic Government." Personally I am inclined to agree with the critic who said that "Merely Mary Ann" was in reality even harder to understand than "The Wife Without a Smile," that it too was a subtle joke, though at the expense of the playwright himself as well as of the public, and that comparatively few had succeeded in grasping its inner meaning. "Lancelot" is, of course, symbolic of Mr. Zangwill himself. Both are first-rate artists, but finding that artistic work is not so lucrative as commercial condescend to supply the public with the inferior commodity which they desire, and wax rich and prosperous. After all both "Lancelot" and Mr. Zangwill have Goethe on their side. Has he not written: "It is putting too great an estimate on the opinions and prejudices of the vulgar to pique oneself on sincerity in regard to them"?

I AM pleased to learn from Mr. H. M. Paull's article in the current "Fortnightly Review" the flourishing

condition of the National Arts Collections Fund, which was formed on November 11, 1904, on lines analogous to the Société des Amis du Louvre, and the Kaiser Friedrich Verein of Berlin, "to supplement by organised private effort the resources placed by a thrifty Government at the disposal of the directors of the museums and galleries, and to prevent as far as possible the dispersal of art treasures from English collections." I quote the following:

"So far the society has every reason to congratulate itself. It has existed but a few months; in fact, it is not yet legally incorporated, and already the number of members equals that attained by the French society at the end of three years. The list of names of adherents is a remarkable one, and includes the directors of all the Museums and Public Galleries, many art critics and experts, persons interested in every branch of art, and representatives of all ranks and professions. Additional members are being elected every month, and at the time of writing the total has reached nearly five hundred. Honorary local representatives are being appointed in the chief provincial centres, a step which has already led to a considerable accession of adherents."

"A subscription of £1 ls. is all that is asked of members, but the scope of the society's action would be sadly limited if it had to rely solely on subscriptions. One of its functions is to bring together those members of the public who are interested in art, and are patriotic enough to make certain sacrifices for the nation when occasion arises. It is hoped that those whose means will allow will be prepared to guarantee sums for the purchase of any specially desirable object, pending an appeal to the members at large, the public, or even the authorities. In this way advantage can be taken of a passing opportunity with a promptitude now beyond the powers of the directors of our Galleries, who are hampered in many ways in the application of the scanty funds at their disposal. Moreover, the society is anxious to become the channel through which gifts or bequests may be made to the national collections. The Committee think themselves justified in the belief that the interest in art in this country is sufficiently widespread and deep to let them count in the near future on the adhesion of many persons who will be willing to guarantee the assistance without which the society's efforts must be confined to a very limited field."

On Wednesday, November 2, a statue of Milton was unveiled at St. Giles', Cripplegate. The statue is the work of Mr. Horace Montford and was presented by Mr. J. J. Baddeley, chairman of the governors of the Cripplegate Foundation. On the whole we compare unfavourably with foreign countries in our commemoration of our famous poets and authors. The principal cities of France and Germany are beautified by statues of their great literary men, while London can boast but few of such memorials, and those as a rule ugly and situated in some obscure corner.

THE Shakespeare Head Press will shortly issue the "Stratford Town Edition" of Shakespeare. The volumes will be printed and published at Stratford-on-Avon, in the house where lived Shakespeare's neighbour and friend, Julius Shaw, one of the witnesses to his will. The edition will consist of ten super-royal octavo volumes, the text being printed in old-faced English type on hand-made paper. One thousand copies will be issued to be sold in sets at ten guineas each.

THE Essex House Press are about to issue two monographs on famous London buildings; the first, on Brooke House, Hackney, will be written by Mr. Ernest A.

Mann, and will contain reproductions of engravings of the house by Hollar 1642, Chatelain 1750, and Malcolm 1797; that on the Church of St. Dunstan, Stepney, will be undertaken by the Hon. Walter C. Pepys, and will contain an etched frontispiece by Mr. Jesse Godman.

PICTURE postcards are not always a blessing, but some few are so, among which may be noted an admirable series published by Mr. H. R. Allenson of Wren's City Churches and Old London Churches. The photographs are excellent and the printing very good. Lovers of old London will do well to buy them.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE have transferred The English Theologians' Model Library of Foreign Theological Literature, which had been previously exhibited at the Church Congress, Liverpool, to their premises at 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, where it may be viewed by any one interested in the subject, free of any charge and without any obligation to order. The exhibition will be kept open till about Christmas.

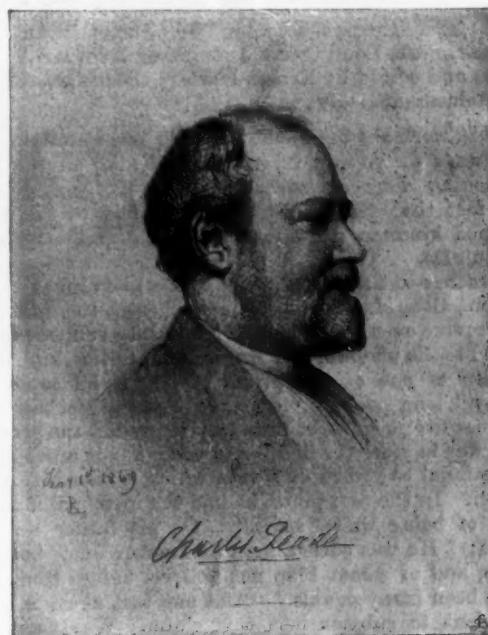
Bibliographical

THE centenary of the birth of Benjamin Disraeli (December 21, 1804) is probably the inspiring motive to which we are to owe two—perhaps more—new editions of the great statesman's novels. The "Biographical Edition," in which "Vivian Grey" will shortly be issued, is apparently to give reprints of the first editions of the stories, for it is announced that the omissions made subsequently by the author are to be restored. This question of "text" is one that frequently agitates booklovers, and one on which some of us hold strong views. While, however, I think that as a general rule the standard text of a book should be that which had its author's latest revision, I feel that in the case of imaginative works there is much in favour of the opposite view that the first text, that which comes nearest to the moment of what, for lack of a better word, we call inspiration, is as a rule more desirable than that of the same work as altered by the author in later years, when he has become more or less of a different individuality.

Another Disraeli reprint which is promised for immediate issue is "The Revolutionary Epick" of 1834, the editing of which was one of the last works undertaken by the late Mr. W. Davenport Adams. Presumably in this case the text is that of the first edition, for the revised and enlarged version was not published until 1864, and is therefore still copyright. This book, it is interesting to recall, has been described by one of Earl Beaconsfield's biographers as one which the author was to the last unwilling to have forgotten. I fear that, despite some "purple patches," the "Epick" will never be very widely read, though it will always possess interest as an incident in the career of a remarkable man.

FitzGerald's version of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," small as it is in bulk, has proved such a veritable mine for other writers that it would be difficult to calculate the number of books for which it has provided titles or title-page texts. It was such a use of one of the most characteristic of the quatrains in the forefront of "John Ward, Preacher," which served as my introduction to the Persian poem, and perhaps Mr. Hall Caine's new novel will create among his readers something of a new demand for the "Rubaiyat," for I

notice that he gives no fewer than nine of the quatrains, one on the title-page, one as an introduction, and one at the heading of each of the seven parts into which the



CHARLES READE

[Illustration from "After Work" (Heinemann)]

story is divided. Not all the readers of "The Prodigal Son" will be familiar with Omar, and therefore the source of these quotations might well have been stated. A few years ago many of us were grumbling that FitzGerald's version was unobtainable except in an expensive form. The copyright in the first edition lapsed in 1901 and there are now not far short of a score of editions—the latest but about a week old—in which the poem is obtainable at prices varying from sixpence to half a guinea; so that if Mr. Hall Caine's liberal use of the quatrains should give a fillip to it there can be little doubt that the demand will not be greater than the supply.

A correspondent asks me whether any of Locke's works are easily obtainable in current editions. Several of them are, and in a variety of forms. In Bohn's Standard Library, the "Philosophical Works" form two volumes and the "Life and Letters of Locke" one. The "Essays" (including "Toleration" and "Education"), and also the "Human Understanding" are included in Messrs. Ward, Lock's "World Library." The last-named work may also be had in the Clarendon Press Series (the latest edition, 1901). The "Thoughts Concerning Education" can be obtained in two or three forms, the latest of which was published as recently as 1902. "Civil Government" is in "Morley's Universal Library" (Routledge), and the "Letter on Toleration" in Cassell's National Library. Useful studies of Locke are Dr. Thomas Fowler's volume in the "English Men of Letters Series" and Mr. A. C. Fraser's in "Blackwood's Philosophical Classics."

To my recent list of the books of the late Mr. Lafcadio Hearn should be added "Japan: an Attempt at Interpretation," a work which was in the press at the time of its author's death.

WALTER JERROLD.

Reviews

Lord Coleridge

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN DUKE LORD COLERIDGE, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND. Written and edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 2 Vols. (Heinemann. 30s. net.)

WHERE work has been done honestly and industriously it is always distressing to write of it with anything approaching disparagement, but it is no good blinking the fact that Mr. Coleridge's biography of his distinguished kinsman possesses one fatal defect—the defect of dullness. This, it must be confessed, seems to be due rather to the subject than to the biographer.

Lord Coleridge was a "winner" from the beginning. The course over which he had his race to run was exactly suited to his undoubtedly brilliant capacities, and he was certain of one of the prizes of life if he could only "stay" long enough. As Lord Justice Mathew says: "It needed no spirit of prophecy to predict the greatness that was in store for him," and there is not much that is sensational to record of a race which is won before it is begun. In the first place, he had the inestimable advantage of being well "sired." Of his father he could write: "He was such a man as I never knew before or since, and of whom I do not believe, before God, there have been many equals." And one fact alone is almost sufficient to substantiate this claim. Was there ever another judge of the High Court who seriously contemplated such a renunciation as did Sir John Taylor Coleridge? On his son Henry going over to Rome in 1852, he determined to give up his judgeship, take orders and serve the chapel of Alington, which his son had vacated, "by way of confession of his own unswerving loyalty to the Church of his fathers." And this he was only dissuaded from doing by assurances that he could do more good to the Church as a layman than as a clergyman.

When eight years of age John Duke Coleridge knew by heart nine eclogues of Virgil. At ten he read Addison's essays. At fourteen, for his own amusement in the holidays, he studied Sallust, Cicero, Lucan, and Pindar. Is there an Eton boy now who is doing that? At fifteen he was in the sixth form. At seventeen he won the "Balliol." It is true at eighteen he showed he was human by sporting a "blue coat with a velvet collar and chains innumerable" and had an attack of calf's love, which was cured by "letting off a sonnet or two," but the same year, 1839, he atoned for these lapses by discovering the necessity of the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England ten years before it came about. Not so bad for a boy of eighteen. At nineteen his oratory at the "Union" not only evoked a laudatory article in the "Morning Post," but resulted in his election as an undergraduate to the "Decade," a distinction only to be properly gauged by men of the "forties," since the club is now what a scout of those days always called it, "Decayed"! At twenty-one he momentarily hesitated between the legal and the high ecclesiastical courses and would probably have adopted the latter and become a Bishop had he felt as certain "that our Church is the true Catholic Church in the land" as he was that the Reformers "were dishonest." At twenty-two he was elected to a fellowship at Exeter College. At twenty-five he was called to the Bar, and thenceforth his rise was as smoothly continuous as it was apparently inevitable. Indeed, we have only to compare the extremely interesting, though extremely ugly, portrait of the child of

nine months (Vol. I., page 18) with the exceedingly handsome face of the man of seventy (Vol. II., page 342) to be impressed with the certainty of his "arriving."

Such lives no doubt make for edification, but there is not enough of apparent stress in them to make for interest. To compare Lord Coleridge with his successor, Lord Russell of Killowen, is to compare a flat-racer with a steeplechaser. Both arrived at the goal; both were "triers"; but how different their tracks!

In the first volume Mr. Coleridge has given us a large correspondence which goes to prove that, whatever else the Tractarian movement accomplished, it certainly induced a large number of very eminent personages to write a great many very long and very dull letters, and the large number of letters in the second do not very much improve matters. Not but that many of these were well worthy of publication—take for example Lord Coleridge's very noble letter on the game laws (vol. ii., pp. 263-5)—but their number might with great advantage have been largely curtailed to give place to some of those "inexhaustible" stories which "convulsed the 'Chief's' hearers," but have not been recorded for the readers of his biography. *A propos* of which it may be mentioned that on page 218, vol. ii., there is as grim an example of unintentional humour as it has been our fate to see for many a long day.

A few words of lesser criticism. The Coleridges should have been labelled "immigrants" to Devonshire, not "emigrants." "Seized" in place of "seised," though not wholly incorrect, hurts the eyes of a lawyer. Lady Patteson was not born Frances Duke Coleridge. She was born Coleridge and christened Frances Duke. And where did Mr. Coleridge pick up the word "dispectively"? Surely "contemptuously" would have served.

G. S. LAYARD.

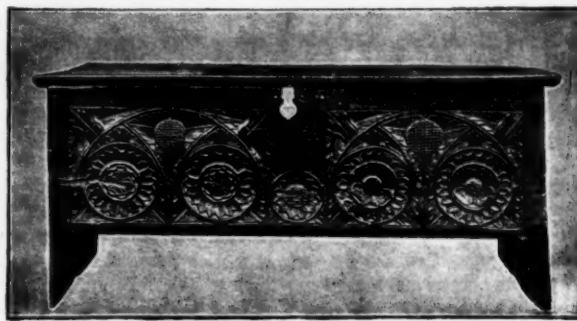
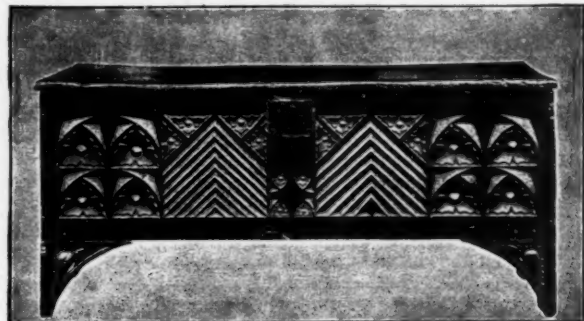
Ancient and Modern

HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN. Fifth and new Edition. (Printed for the proprietors by Wm. Clowes & Sons.)

IN view of the controversy which the revised edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" aroused before its appearance in its new red cover, and of the criticism which has been passed upon it, it seems necessary to point out the simple fact that it was put forth as a Church hymnbook on definite Church lines. Its connection with the guiding principle in art as a whole as well as in ecclesiology—the fitness of things—was apparent from the first, and it never professed to be merely an anthology. As there still remains in the public mind a far from clear appreciation of the vast difference between the churchgoer and the church member, so is it equally clear that few of the judges of this famous hymnbook have ever had the direction of a choir or of any of the services of the Church of England. Judging the book therefore as what it is—a practical hymnal that has some definite connection with liturgiology—the new edition is a decided improvement on its predecessors. It would not have been difficult to have made it vastly better, but on the whole it is worthy of praise. Among many good points, the outstanding one is decidedly the inclusion of nearly all the Breviary hymns. The Latin texts have been in most cases retranslated in the metre of the originals, and the final touch of excellence in this particular is seen in the plainsong melodies, with proper modal accompaniments, taken from English sources

(which recent research in this little understood branch of worship music by the Benedictines of Solesmes has shown to be singularly pure) and set down in the proper square notation as a voice part. The restoration and additions in this section are an office hymn for the "Name of Jesus" and one for the Transfiguration (a

Saints" with a different setting for each verse. Few of the new tunes, however, are great or even distinctive. Mr. Luard Selby's lines to "Lead, kindly Light" may be taken as a type of the "moderns." It is not bad, but far from good. Of the old tunes, the magnificent German chorales are still left in



Illustrations from "A History of English Furniture." (Lawrence & Bullen)

judicious restoration of a fine hymn that was in the tentative edition of 1859, but which was afterwards cut out). As to these new texts, the version of the "Jam lucis" is not a very happy rendering, but on the whole they are sound and eminently dignified. The restoration of the original text to the Christmas hymn of Charles Wesley's "Hark how all the welkin rings" is good in one way and bad in another. It is certainly what the poet—a poet who knew his Bible it is well to remember—wrote, but it might easily have been allowed to appear in its popular form as a carol. A carol is not always a hymn. It is something quite apart, and there might well have been a section for these devotional folk songs, instead of filling up space with such things as hymns for church workers and Processions. While the revisers have restored another of Wesley's lines with advantage, "Love divine all loves excelling," they have left several beautiful translations from Greek and Latin hymns of the Reverend J. M. Neale to remain in their sadly mutilated condition. One of Faber's, too, "O come and mourn," has the altered second line instead of the original "See Mary calls us to His side." This restoration process of poets' words has not been consistently done and is a flaw. Five translations of "Salve Feste Dies" are now added, but the heroics in no way compensate for the majestic swing of the original elegiacs.

A good deal of "gush" in the way of pious musing has quite rightly come out. But here again the process of deletion has not been thorough. "O Paradise" very rightly comes out, but "Peace, perfect peace" remains. "Come labour on," and a "processional," "Gliding through the shadows," are fresh examples of rhymed sentimentality, as vague and meaningless as anything that has been taken out. The reason for the inclusion of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" is indeed far to seek. Not only is it a poem, but it is one with a distinctive title, and according to the plan of the index it is entered, by rule, under its first line, "Sunset and evening Star."

The removal of the sentimental has happily extended to music as well as words, and the unsatisfactory, if highly popular, tunes of Dykes are dislodged from at least the chief place in regard to the hymns to which they were set. Sir Hubert Parry and Sir Charles Stanford are both well represented by new tunes of strength and dignity, the latter contributing one to "For all the

their horribly mangled condition owing to the fact that they are made to fit hymns of unsuitable metre; but the rich store of old seventeenth and eighteenth century lines, of which Jeremiah Clarke may be taken as a type, has been drawn upon with advantage. On the whole, there is both in words and music an evidence of the desire to be less emotional; and in the new hymnbook, in spite of many grave sins, both of omission and commission, the good work of the revisers calls for recognition.

WAKELING DRY.

The Weaker Sex

THE FEMININE NOTE IN FICTION. By W. L. Courtney. (Chapman & Hall. 5s. net.)

SOME of the studies contained in this volume are based on articles contributed to the "Daily Telegraph," but these have been largely re-written, while others now appear for the first time. The several chapters deal in turn with Mrs. Humphry Ward, John Oliver Hobbes, Lucas Malet, Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. Voynich, &c.; not an exhaustive list certainly, but at any rate a list comprising what should be characteristic specimens.

In speaking of the feminine note in fiction Mr. Courtney advances the assumption that when women write novels they introduce a particular point of view of their own. No one will quarrel with the generalisation; and the indictment proceeds much on the following lines: we have to deal with a class of writers who are specially imitative. The passion for detail is the distinguishing mark of nearly every woman novelist; and this genius for detail conflicts with the artistic impulse which has to keep every incident and character subject to the main idea of the novel. Her experience is limited and she can only be sure of herself in her own department. Subordinate personages are apt to be highly coloured, and inferior incidents are put, as it were, in the front place. Women have not a wise impartiality towards their puppets. The beginning of a woman's work is generally the writing of a personal diary, and in it she puts all her recollections and experiences, strongly tinged with the elements of her own personality. The modern novel, indeed, is written by women for women; the attitude and the treatment, the philosophy and the ignorance of life are all inimitably feminine. On a large canvas women generally are inferior, their range

of knowledge is less, except in rare individual cases. Would it be wrong to say that a woman's heroine is always a glorified version of herself, which suggests the comment of Anthony Hope that he wished all his readers would kindly identify his heroes with himself?

Mr. Courtney's method is to arrive at the particular standpoint of his author, to estimate the weight she or he attaches to different elements in character or in life, then to consider how correctly the author has carried his or her hypothesis to its logical conclusion. He makes clear the position of the critic in matters of technique and questions of grammar. Neither the critic nor the grammarian can lay down in advance the ideal types or forms which a living language or art is bound inevitably to assume. The artist does his work first then, *longo intervallo* comes the precise and analytic critic to point out the rules which underlie the new species, to dissect the structure, as one might put a pin through a butterfly to study its wings. This is a long way from saying that every novel-writer is a grammarian unto himself, and a faultless stylist. Mr. Courtney is speaking of the artist; and if the function of the critic is to wait upon the genius, regarding the lame dogs of literature the critic must assume the rôle of whipper-in.

The book is in many ways a revelation in criticism, the reader is made to feel that if personality is of consequence in an author, it should also be fundamental in a literary critic of repute. The fault, if any, which one may find in this book is not in the generalities which may or may not be more true of the feminine writer than of the male author, but in their application. The examples quoted do not entirely bear out the main argument. Ouida, for example, is quoted as a masculine writer, as against the long list of names which, commencing with Mrs. Humphry Ward, stand branded as feminine. It would be interesting to read a reply from some woman hunting for the virile note in the works of the modern male novelist.

A Father of the Press

AFTER WORK. FRAGMENTS FROM THE WORKSHOP OF AN OLD PUBLISHER. By E. Marston, F.R.G.S. (Heinemann. 1904. 10s. net.)

ONE hears much, from time to time, of certain strained relations between publisher and author, of the rapacity of the former, the exigencies of the latter. But there would be less of this friction were all publishers as suave, dignified, charming, and liberal as the author of this interesting book of reminiscences, and were all authors as easy, amenable, grateful, and complimentary as are those whose letters Mr. Marston quotes with so much legitimate satisfaction.

In truth, Mr. Marston must have had what the school-boys of to-day term "a thundering good time." After a youth of country life and no particular hardship he drifted early into bookland, and became comparatively young a partner in one of the foremost publishing houses in the world. Naturally he was brought into contact with many of the most interesting literary personalities of the time, and even as an approaching octogenarian, his memory is clear, definite, and retentive. He gives us what he modestly terms "fragments from a workshop," but what are verily delightful little silhouettes of eminent men and women of the past two, if not three, generations.

Ample justice is done to the inimitable charm, the old-world grace, and the personal fascination of a man who has yet to come by his own in our literary hierarchy,

the late R. D. Blackmore, and there is a quaintly characteristic note from him which, after all its petulance, turns out to be a protest against the omission of full stops on a title-page. It reads thus: "Some idiot (hatched out of an addled egg) has put his curdled brains to work (—'s vacuum press) at that ancient institution the title-page—Behold the squash! Of such is the kingdom of fools, a realm and republic everlasting—see my remarks, which are much too mild. I cut off strong language from bottom last time, *stet* everything beginning with a D now."

Mr. W. Clark Russell in a most exquisitely worded letter testifies to the old publisher's personal merit: "If ever an author has reason to speak well of his publisher I am that man." Mr. Russell has written much that is good and clever, but probably never put so much that is noble, appreciative, fine in feeling, and genuinely arresting, as in these few hundred words.

A mere list of those eminent in literature with whom Mr. Marston has come into contact would be a dull string, but these are only a few out of many. Lord Macaulay, the Pollocks, Mr. Justice Byles, Samuel Warren, Lord Lytton, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, James Payn, Miss L. M. Alcott, Elihu Burritt, William Black, Sir W. H. Russell, Jules Verne, Dr. Schweinfurth, Sir H. M. Stanley, George Macdonald, Thomas Hardy, James Russell Lowell.

With memories of such men and women, and many more, it would be difficult to compile an uninteresting book. Mr. Marston has given us a wholly delightful sketch of what a wealth of friendship a good upright man of business can make, even in the sordid world of publishing. He has done more; he has shown us, indirectly, but none the less certainly, what an influence for good can be exercised by a real man on those around and about him. It is an exhilarating and inspiring work.

FRANK SCHLOESSER.

A Trustworthy Guide

HOW TO IDENTIFY PORTRAIT MINIATURES. By Dr. G. C. Williamson. (Bell. 5s. net.)

ALTHOUGH few will be disposed to contest the dictum of Dr. Williamson that "no books can supersede experience," all who aspire to become collectors of portrait miniatures will be full of gratitude to him for the very clear rules he has laid down for their guidance, during the difficult probation time when that experience is being won. Avoiding the mistake so often made by experts, of assuming at least elementary knowledge on the part of those they wish to instruct, this most trustworthy guide goes in every case to the very root of the matter. He explains how the amateur should examine the miniatures that come under his notice; describes with the utmost minuteness the many indications—some of them so slight as to escape the notice even of the experienced—that a thorough examination should reveal, and, which is almost as important, he dwells on how the treasures acquired should from the first be treated. In a word, his little volume is a complete grammar of education to the collector, and it can only be from some inherent weakness in himself, such as the lack of the critical faculty, for which no amount of teaching can make up, that he can, after mastering it, fall into any of the many pitfalls that await the unwary.

As is well known, the author of the recently published "History of Portrait Miniatures," of which the little handbook just issued is to a certain extent an epitome, is one of the chief authorities on the subject, who has

recently added to his many other distinctions what may well be called the blue ribbon of the collector—the discovery of a hitherto unauthenticated masterpiece, a very beautiful portrait of Sir Thomas Moore by Holbein, long an unsuspected treasure in the collection of Mr. E. Godolphin Quicke. On one page Dr. Williamson gives admirable reproductions of this exquisite miniature, of the portrait of the artist at the age of forty-six, from Montagu House and of the remarkable likeness of Frances Howard, Countess of Surrey, that was sold last year from the Hawkins' collection to Messrs. Duveen for the record price of £2,750. The fortunate owner of this noteworthy little book has thus an opportunity of studying, side by side, three eminently characteristic examples of the subtle peculiarities pointed out by Dr. Williamson as differentiating the work of the great German master from that of any other hand.

Passing on from his enthusiastic description of these gems of miniature art, the author skilfully dissects the styles, not only of the recognised English masters of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, together with those of some of their foreign contemporaries, but also of many comparatively little-known men, to whom he was the first to do tardy justice, in every case supplementing his text with excellent half-tone reproductions that could only be rivalled by true photogravures, amongst which, with the three Holbeins already referred to, will be specially admired the Oliver Cromwell of Samuel Cooper, the portrait of Richard Cosway by himself, that of an unknown man by Isaac Oliver and the two charming likenesses of little girls attributed to Lavinia Terlinck.

In view of the completeness of Dr. Williamson's own work, it is somewhat difficult to recognise either the necessity or the appropriateness of the supplementary chapters by Mr. Alyn Williams on "How to Paint Miniatures." The collector, for whom the book is written, is the very last person likely to wish to practise the art of miniature painting, and the professional worker will scarcely need such simple directions as are here given. The essays, at the best, embody but a one-man view of a many-sided subject, and some of the writer's remarks—his defence of stippling, for instance—will probably arouse a good deal of criticism from the modern exponents of what is once more becoming a widely practised and popular art.

NANCY BELL.

THE WINGED DESTINY. By Fiona Macleod. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

IN "The Winged Destiny" Miss Fiona Macleod uses once more the rather ambitious style she has been building up in her more recent books. This style has met with a good deal of admiration, and, in many passages, it has, there is no doubt, an elaborate music that can only be attained by writers with a fine ear and a good command of the vocal elements of language. Yet unfortunately, while many of the sentences she delights in are so constructed that they can only be read slowly, their form and meaning do not satisfy when dwelt on. As one reads diligently forward one comes too often on sentences or phrases like these: "The sea was a jubilation of blue and white, with green in the shaken tentacles of the loud-murmuring nomad host of billows. . . . A swirl of long-winged terns hung above a shoal of mackerel fry, screaming as they splashed continually into the moving dazzle. . . ."

And one ends with a feeling of uneasiness and distrust instead of the peculiarly intimate sympathy which work of this kind demands. With the matter one does

not get on a great deal better. When we look into the depth of her heart for "the patterns both of time and eternity," which one of her critics has found there, we come on passages like this: "How futile all human longing, all passion of the heart, all travail of the spirit, beside this terrible reality of wind and vastness, of wind baying like a hound in a wilderness—a wilderness where the hound's voice would fall away at last, and the hound's shadow fade, and infinitude and eternity be beyond and above and behind and beneath." Words which may have profound meaning, but which, it is to be feared, will appear to many as a terrible reality of wind and vastness. The first and better part of "The Winged Destiny" consists of studies and stories which deal with the more mystical side of Highland life, and are sometimes of considerable interest. All through them, however, there is rather too much reflection, that is made up of a sort of esoteric platitude, and rather too much description, that is so nearly over-written that one grows afraid of it, as one grows afraid of a singer who is working on the limit of his compass. Besides these stories there is a collection of essays on various writers of the Irish movement and similar subjects. Some of these essays are judicious and sympathetic, and quietly written, but they have no very particular merit as contributions to criticism, and they do not show a very great surety of taste. In the whole book one sympathises most, perhaps, with the keen feeling apparent in it—beneath the details of which one cannot approve—for the islands of Scotland, other out-of-the-way places, and those who live in them.

J. M. SYNGE.

RAIDERLAND: ALL ABOUT GREY GALLOWAY. By S. R. Crockett. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

MORE completely and exclusively than Mr. Hardy has appropriated the romance of Wessex life; indeed, with something of the monopolistic hand that Mr. Barrie has laid upon the much more minute region of Thrums, Mr. Crockett has taken as his own the wild country which he names Grey Galloway. This appropriation has obtained such popular recognition that the territory is now spoken of as "The Raiders' Country," from the title of the second of the long list of Galloway romances that stand in Mr. Crockett's name. When, therefore, the literary overlord of Galloway sets himself to write a book concerning his own dominion, the reader knows that he is in the most capable of all hands. The reviewer, moreover, is allowed to become an uncritical ordinary reader, giving himself up unrestrainedly to the enjoyment of the book almost without thought of how he shall discuss it. For Mr. Crockett is "not making a guide-book, but rather a garrulous literary companion to the guide-books which already exist," with "no purpose before me save that of saying what I wish to say in my own way, acknowledging no law save my own fancy, and desiring only to give a true, if incomplete, picture of the Ancient Free Province of Galloway, specially of that more mountainous and easterly portion of it known as the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright." The result is entirely pleasing; even the predominating personal note and the tacit but unegotistic assumption that the reader is steeped in all his Galloway tales, heighten the sense of intimacy between author and reader. Besides, Mr. Crockett has much of real value to tell us, and the "Diary of an Eighteenth-Century Galloway Laird," which forms the last chapter of the book, is a really important contribution to our knowledge of the social life of Scotland just before the dawn of the nineteenth century, and "is, indeed, fitted to

correct some impressions left by the perusal of Mr. Graham's very admirable but unduly pessimistic volumes on the social life of Scotland in the eighteenth century." Mr. Crockett scatters about his pages many *obiter dicta* on Scottish literary matters, including some on the vexed question of dialect:

"What I understand to be the duty of the Scottish romancer is that he shall not attempt to represent phonetically the peculiarities of pronunciation of his chosen district, but that he shall content himself with giving the local colour, incident, character, in the noble, historical, well-authenticated Scots language, which was found sufficient for the needs of Knox, of Scott, and of Burns, to name no other names. . . . There is an idea abroad that in order to write Scottish dialect it is enough to leave out all final 'g's' and to write *dac* for *do*—which last, I beg leave to add, is the very hallmark of the bungler!"

Of the numerous drawings it need only be said that the very spirit of the region informs them and that the craftsmanship is Mr. Pennell's.

Fiction

MORGANATIC. By Max Nordau. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) The excursions of celebrated savants into fiction are apt at first sight to seem unpromising. Herr Nordau, however, in spite of a conspicuous absence of artistic feeling and a lack of any high literary pretensions, has succeeded in writing an unusually interesting book. He is no artist, but his scientific career has taught him how to analyse and to write with vigour and succinctness. He has, in fact, the qualities of his defects. The hard and metallic character of the style which as a rule refrains from comment and leaves individuals and events to speak for themselves, his very coldness and absence of enthusiasm serve, at any rate, as an unimpeachable guarantee of his accuracy and sincerity. The characters with one exception are neither deep nor romantic, but have evidently been picked off from the life, and impress us with their reality. The scene is laid in the literary and journalistic circles of Paris, of which Herr Nordau can speak with first-hand authority, and in the Courts of foreign principalities. Particularly excellent are the satiric sketches of the Baroness von Gronendal, morganatic wife of the Prince of Meissen-Lowenstein-Franka, at bottom sensible and good-hearted, but driven into meanness and absurdity by her snobbish wish to assert her very dubious rights, and of her son Siegfried, who, in spite of his fundamental weakness, shows some elements of character, and hovers perpetually on the borderland of good sense and folly. The sketch of General Boulanger as General Ménard is interesting, but by far the best piece of work in the book is the character of the heroine, Nicoline Flammert, the natural daughter of a German prince. She is beautiful, high-spirited, ambitious and self-confident, and her unaffected freedom of thought and action cannot fail to make a conquest of the reader, especially in the instance in which she coerces her father into marrying her mother. On the other hand, Mr. Gray, the American millionaire who marries Nicoline, is too much of a *deus ex machina* to be in the least convincing. The translation is excellent, but the story would be improved by being considerably shortened.

THE SILENT WOMAN. By "Rita." (Hutchinson, 6s.) Having given in "Souls" the *coup de grâce* to modern society, "Rita" has in her latest novel transferred her attention from the boudoirs of Mayfair to the moors and dales of Derbyshire. "The Silent Woman" is a tolerably good piece of melodrama. The book has, of course, many of those literary faults which constitute the very essence of all effective sensationalism. It abounds in high-flown platitudes on the philosophy of life, and in those coincidences and im-

probabilities that strike one as positively inevitable in books of this description. Rufus Myrthe, the hero, a healthy, primitive, young American, comes over to England to establish his claim to a family estate. He discovers a cousin in the person of Moll Udale, the beautiful though untrained daughter of a boorish innkeeper, and after placing her at a school in a country town takes up his residence in the boarding-house and sanatorium of a Dr. Quarn, a stereotyped villain of the orthodox Adelphi pattern, "who had left the epitaph of 'Victim' on many a dishonoured grave." Myrthe finds that the doctor is poisoning his wife. Through chagrin at the discovery of his plot and the recovery of his wife Quarn takes an overdose of laudanum, and is found dead with marks of strangulation on his throat. Appearances point to the hero as the murderer, but a mysterious dwarf, named Japes, is proved to have throttled the already dead man in revenge for some previous injury, and Myrthe marries his enemy's wife. The novel gives the impression of having been written straight off the reel, without any definite preconceived plot. Several mysteries are hinted at, but the veil is never lifted; in fact, "Rita" seems to have started with more material than she knew how to utilise.

ALIENS OF THE WEST. By the author of "The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore." (Cassell, 6s.) Here is a book which does for an Irish country town what Miss Mitford did for an English village in "Our Village." It is a faithful presentment of Irish life given without favour and without prejudice; a curiously lifelike and level-headed study, which might assist some of our well-meaning but uncomprehending statesmen in their meditations on the perennial "Irish Question." In its way the book is a masterpiece because of the perfection of the sketches in detail and form of expression. There is dry humour and simple, human pathos in each separate story. Could England, we wonder, produce a servant of the class of Miss Kinahan's Kate, with her record of unpaid service, her devotion and her respect for her poverty-stricken mistress's pride? Much of another story, "The Wind Bloweth where it Listeth," constitutes a prose poem in itself, and is a fitting medium for the exposition of the dreams and fancies which make up the short life of poor little Denis, the cripple boy with the soul of a poet. Denis saw grand things in the clouds he watched from his narrow window and had he lived he might have made others see them too. . . . "The sky at Toomevara was so much more wonderful than the earth, but no one seemed to notice it except himself." . . . In another story, "King William," the feud between Catholic and Orangeman is dealt with, with an absolute absence of partisan or bitter feeling.

PROVINCIAL TALES. By Gertrude H. Bone. (Duckworth, 6s.) These stories remind us a little of "Zack's" early work. They have somewhat the same ruggedness and strength, as well as other arresting qualities of their own. In the preface the writer says that the poor, "under the pressure of bewildering circumstance or strong passion, find for themselves an expression as nearly as possible derived from their actual sensations, and thus they often . . . attain in the communication of their deepest feeling to a dignified and moving language to be sought for in vain among people of an easier speech." From this it will be gathered that the stories deal with the very poor, and are sometimes mere moving incidents, as is "The Right Eye" or the culmination of slowly growing tragedy, as in "The Mother." All the ten sketches are striking. The writer evidently has that sympathy which gives a keen insight into the lives and emotions of the poor. She has chosen to dwell on the pathos of poverty, depicting the sad side of the life that the poor lead rather than any humorous aspect. One of the cleverest tales is that entitled "The Mother." Ann Butterworth, the wife of a bully and mother of seven children, rents a small farm from a woman who had once in her girlhood been her friend. She is an untidy slattern, slaving from morning till night to feed the seven hungry mouths. "She paid the utmost she had to give, but it was not the price required." She receives notice to quit the neglected

farm, and seeks an interview with the owner, the friend of her girlhood. She begs and implores, on behalf of her children; she calls up the memories of old days; all in vain, Martha is unrelenting. Suddenly Ann laughs aloud and, pointing at her, cries: "You never had a child, Martha Elliott! You never had a child in your life. I've had seven, I have." A book that touches a high level.

PATHS OF JUDGMENT. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. (Constable, 6s.) "Paths of Judgment" is a study of that familiar yet most tragic situation: the subjection of strength to weakness. Geoffrey Daunt and Felicia Merrick are both finely drawn figures, though Geoffrey is possibly a little superhuman in his strength and self-sacrifice, and it would certainly have been as well not to add Olympian beauty to his other perfections. The strong man and woman are bound by friendship and love to Maurice Wynne, a sensitive egoist, idealist in his perceptions and cad in his conduct. The tangle is still further complicated by Lady Angela, who in her selfish fashion loves Maurice. Lady Angela is as subtle a piece of character-drawing as we have met with in recent fiction; a *poscuse* so sincere that she quite convinces herself of her own sincerity and has "Maeterlinckian visions" of her own celestial figure bent on its work of healing at the moment when she is deliberately ruining the happiness of another woman. Between Maurice's weakness and Angela's ministrations the life of the brave-hearted Felicia goes to wreck, and it must be left to the reader to discover what salvage is ultimately made. The author's chief power lies in her somewhat remorseless delineation of the baser types of humanity. The angelically disguised siren is an original study, not in her deception of others, but in her still more complete deception of herself. Maurice is very living in his vacillations, his cowardice and his pathetic charm, and Felicia's pompous father, with his lofty platitudes, is a real person. Add to this skill in characterisation a style flexible and keenly edged, and it may be seen that "Paths of Judgment" is not merely written matter—it is literature.

THE LADY ELECTRA. By Robert Barr. (Methuen, 6s.) A collection of very readable short stories, several of which have seen daylight before in the magazines. Of the tales in this volume we must confess to a preference for those of American origin. They are so well told, and they open up a field always interesting. The glimpses of life on the railroad, at the telegraph and in the Wheat Pit are full of strength and variety and please more than the somewhat tame English pictures chosen by the author. Mr. Barr has a quaint turn of humour, more expressed, perhaps, in idea than in phrase. There is, for example, the notion of the millionaire speculator ordered to take a rest, who fills in the time before a postponed meeting by turning practical soap-boiler and derives untold benefit both in gold and health from the change of occupation. It is an amusing idea, and is told with a dry earnestness very effective in result. Another story of the same class, "On the Housetop," deals with a lover who finds courage to confess his love only when he and the object of his passion have fled to the roof of a seventeen-story sky-scraper, the lower floors of which are burning fiercely. So absorbed have they become in each other that, when a fireman puts his head through the trapdoor and remarks, "You're all right; the fire is out!" the hero stammers, "What fire?" There are numerous mistakes in spelling in the book, due doubtless to careless correction of proofs. We noticed at least six in the last story alone.

LE VILLAGE ENDORMI. By Georges Riat. Paris: Albert Fontemoing, 3f.50.) To those who remember the graceful delicacy of M. Georges Riat's "L'Art des Jardins," published in the Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts about four years ago, the present volume, which is a simple tale simply told, will come as no surprise. There is the same elegance of language and appreciation of beautiful scenery, together with a story which is artistically handled and related with a restraint which is as rare as it is admirable. Apremont, the "sleepy village," is a quaint,

entirely possible, out-of-the-world corner, which the author makes us see and feel as though we knew it as intimately as he does himself. There is much art in his little tale—the art of suggestion by outline rather than the filling in with blurred masses of colour. The art, in fact, which is almost non-existent in England, but which refined Frenchmen can and do use most deftly.

Short Notices

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH FURNITURE. By Percy Macquoid. Vol. I., Part 1. (Lawrence & Bullen, 7s. 6d. net.) The prospectus of this "History of English Furniture" is most attractive. Twenty monthly parts at 7s. 6d. net each are promised; Mr. Percy Macquoid is named as the author; the whole work is to be divided up into four periods: (1) The age of oak, (2) the age of walnut, (3) the age of mahogany, (4) the composite age; a few excellent illustrations complete the synopsis. A prospectus is, of course, an advertisement, and, like the goods in a shop-window, it is meant to tempt people to part with useless coin in return for some useful or beautiful commodity. But as we "step inside" the question arises, "Will the goods come up to sample?" With a very human feeling of misgiving we turn to Part 1 of the first volume of "A History of English Furniture." The hankering desire for "the one in the window" fades into oblivion; all we remember of the prospectus is that it has promised us a further number in a month's time. Author, publishers, and engravers are to be congratulated on this first instalment of a work which promises to become an unrivalled standard book of reference for collectors, and the treasured possession of all lovers of old furniture. But the printer must be reprimanded for allowing an error to slip into the preface to such a work, and for omitting a word on the sixth page. This first part of Mr. Macquoid's book deals with the Gothic period of the "age of oak," and as it is now but a forlorn hope to attempt to pick up any of the very early specimens, the illustrations of the existing examples are especially welcome. Although the author refers to these relics as being of barbaric quality, the illustrations make us wish there were a few barbarians left to construct cupboards, buffets and hutches after these models. A visit should be made to Westminster Abbey for the purpose of renewing acquaintance with the choir stalls specially referred to; the enthusiast will doubtless follow up the suggested comparison between the choir stalls of the Abbey and those of Christ Church, Hampshire—a simple matter if reference be made to the admirable reproductions of the latter. The numerous illustrations of the first fruits of Gothic inspiration in the way of furniture given us in this number are apt to detract attention from the letterpress. A word of warning. To thoroughly enjoy and to fully appreciate this periodical, one must be a reader as well as a sightseer.

THE COMMON LIFE. By J. Brierley. (James Clarke, 6s.) Some people think that the belief in the persistence of the individual existence is becoming less vivid among the men of this generation; and probably they are right. At any rate, it is generally confessed that the foundations of faith are being steadily undermined. So have they been, however, many a time before; many times over has the downfall of Christianity as dogmatic religion been predicted. Yet it endures. It would seem as though at last, cut off from all contact with soil and water, the plant might presently find itself flourishing in the air, deriving its necessary sustenance, as perhaps it has always done, from a source that can be neither defined nor diverted. Mr. Brierley prophesies for the benefit of those who live their lives on the periphery of its circle, whose faith and hope are therefore the most ready to be affected by the impact of hostile forces. For such, in view of possible contingencies, it is wise to envisage the worst. To them he offers such consolation as this: that the mystery of death is doubtless the mystery of a larger participation.

If it be asked what, in the vast dissolving, will become of our separate personality, that, says he, is such a silly question as we might imagine to be asked by the life of a separate germ cell when it is called up to form the millionth part of some organic whole. Mr. Brierley, however, it must be understood, is no materialist. He appeals even to the common readiness to accept miracle against the modern materialistic invitation to take as the ultimate thing to be said the sense-verdict of a consciousness that has only begun to be developed. The life of faith is the only true attitude in face of the mingled light and shadow of the world. With Juliana, the anchoress of Norwich, he postulates: "Our soul can never have rest in things that are beneath itself." Something of a Greatheart is Mr. Brierley, and he writes well.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE: A PERSONAL AND PRACTICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Henry Leach. (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.) A workmanlike biography of a statesman by a clever journalist, who, without attempting to analyse a somewhat subtle and intricate character, has put together from public records and the like a most interesting and reliable life of a man whose personal influence upon the politics of our time will probably not be fully recognised for another couple of decades, or longer. But Mr. Leach has done more than this. He has exercised a most wise discretion in the avoidance of party politics, except in so far as they are involved in the public life of his subject. It would have been as easy as undesirable to have made his book a purely political pamphlet, but the author has chosen the better way, and confined himself to the man rather than to the party. Moreover, he is not anecdotal—the time for Hartington anecdotes is not yet. Nevertheless he has some typical stories, including the notable remark of Disraeli on the occasion of the Duke's maiden speech in the House of Commons, which was by no means brilliant, being, indeed, chiefly remarkable for the imperturbability of the speaker, who actually yawned in the middle of it. "He'll do," said Dizzy; "to any man who can betray such extreme languor under such circumstances the highest post in the gift of the Commons should be open." Which was, in its way, prophetic.

Reprints and New Editions

I wonder shall I ever read Scott's poems again? It is doubtful, but if ever I do so, Messrs. Nelson have provided an excellent edition of **THE ROMANTIC POEMS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT**; price only 2s. 6d., size handy, light weight, clear print, and thin paper. Excellent!—In the Old World series, Mr. Mosher sends me **THE ROMANCE OF TRISTAN AND ISEULT**, translated from the French of Bédier by Mr. Belloc; Mr. Wilfrid Seawen Blunt's **LOVE SONNETS OF PROTEUS**; and Blake's **SONGS OF INNOCENCE**. I know few books more charming than these, with the dainty white covers and seemly pages.—From the same publisher come Mr. Swinburne's **A SONG OF ITALY** and **VILLON'S BALLADS**, clothed in grey. Truly the Americans turn out very pretty books. I would I were there at Christmastide.—Still from across the waters: the Belles-Lettres series, **THE BATTLE OF MALDON** (1s. 6d.), with some of the short poems from the Saxon Chronicle, edited by Walter John Sedgfield; and **EASTWARD HO!** and **THE ALCHEMIST** (3s. net), edited by Dr. Felix E. Schelling. Two scholarly and workmanly volumes.—Messrs. Methuen have added Mr. Kipling's **DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES** to their uniform series of his poems (6s.). I wonder what will be thought of him as a poet some two hundred years hence; I can see, in my mind's eye, a reprint with "introduction, explanatory notes and glossary"!—Another pretty setting forth of Mr. Lang's **AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE** from Mr. Nutt (3s. 6d.), a very dainty work in very dainty dress.—Ouida has always annoyed me; with a little artistic restraint added to her already great gifts, we should have been given pure gold, not tinsel. **TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES** is this writer at her best, and that is indeed good; and here we have this delightful "sketch," cleanly printed and bound in red cloth, for—sixpence. I am certain that a

great many sixpences will go "bang"!—From light fare to solemn. Messrs. Newnes have added to their elegant and beautiful gold and brown volumes Swift's poignant **JOURNAL TO STELLA** (3s. and 3s. 6d. net), with various letters, poems, and so forth relating to Stella and Vanessa, with the notes by Sir Walter Scott. I have long been wanting a reprint of the "Journal"; here it is, quite perfect. Let me draw up my cosy chair to the fire and read.—Lady de la Warr has snatched some **THOUGHTS FROM MONTAIGNE** (Nash, 2s. 6d.), to which Mr. Egerton Castle has contributed a foreword. Mr. Castle does his courtesy gracefully; and I suppose that the collection is good—for those who care for such things, which I do not; as well pick the plums out of a pudding.—Then, Messrs. Chatto & Windus have kindly added Sir Walter Besant's **LONDON** to their St. Martin's Library (2s. and 3s.); a book that deserved to come out cheap so that the many might read it. The author was not a great historian or an over-accurate antiquary, but he did good work in treating with the novelist's picturesqueness the dry bones of ancient days.—To conclude with two volumes which I need not praise as to their contents, Stevenson's **EDINBURGH** (Seeley, 6s.) and Mr. Eden Phillpotts' **MY DEVON YEAR** (Methuen, 6s.), with thirty-eight illustrations by J. Ley Pethybridge; books to read again and again; books for a rainy or for a fine day. F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

Of the fine work of art dealing with the Royal Collection of Prints at Amsterdam, which is published in a limited edition in this country by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, the second part is just coming out. Mr. E. W. Moas, deputy director of the collection, has written the text to accompany the book and Mr. Lionel Cust, the Director of the National Portrait Gallery and Surveyor of the King's Pictures, has contributed an introduction.—Messrs. Williams & Norgate will shortly issue in England the first part of a very interesting work dealing with the drawings of Swiss masters of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Splendid facsimiles of these drawings will be published in quarterly parts, each part to contain fifteen facsimiles with text by Professors Burckhardt and H. A. Schmid, and Dr. F. Ganz, who will act as editor.—Messrs. William Hodge & Co., of Glasgow, will publish early in November an original scientific treatise entitled "Electricity: its Place and Power in the Universe."—Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. are publishing a book by Miss Katharine Burrill, entitled "Corner Stones."—A fifth Franciscan volume, in the shape of St. Bonaventura's "Life of St. Francis," is to be added to the Temple Classics. This volume will be translated by Miss E. Gurney Salter.—Mr. George Allen announces for publication the "Art of Creation," by Mr. Edward Carpenter, which endeavours to arrive at an explanation of the creative process which will reconcile science and religion; and "In Pursuit of Dulcinea," by Henry Bernard, which is a modern sentimental journey through La Mancha, the home of Cervantes and Loyola. Next week Mr. John Lane will publish Eugene Field's "Poems of Childhood." The book contains numerous illustrations in colour by Mr. Maxfield Parrish. At the same time Mr. Lane will publish "Egomet: Memories and Comments of a Book-Lover," a collection in book form of the series of articles, over the familiar signature "E. G. O.," that have been appearing recently in "THE ACADEMY."

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

- Black, Hugh, *The Practice of Self-Culture* (Hodder & Stoughton), 3/6.
 Morrison, the Rev. G. H., *The Footsteps of the Flock* (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0.
 Smith, the Rev. J., *The Magnetism of Christ* (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0.
 Dobschütz, Dr. E. von (translated by the Rev. G. Bremner), *Christian Life in the Primitive Church* (Williams & Norgate), 10/6.
 Hyde, W. de Witt, *From Epicurus to Christ* (Macmillan), 6/6 net.
 Questions of Faith: A Series of Lectures on the Creed (Hodder & Stoughton), 5/0.
 Mortimer, Dr. A. G., *Life and its Problems* (Brown, Langham), 3/6.
 Nichols, the Rev. J. B., *The Advance of Romanism in England* (R.T.S.), 2/6.
 Miller, Dr. J. R., *Finding the Way* (Hodder & Stoughton), 3/6.
 Porte, Dr. J. R., *Whither, or the Condition of the Soul after Death* (Sampson Low), 3/0.

Gannett, W. C., *Blessed be the Thorn-Bearer* (Glasgow: Bryce), 1/0 net.
 Rogers, the Rev. E., *The Joy of the Religious* (Allenson), 1/0 net.
 Simon, Dr. D. W., *Twice Born* (Melrose), 3/6 net.
 Benham, the Rev. Canon, *St. John and His Work* (Dent), 0/9 net.
 Bosanquet, the Rev. B. H., and Wenham, R. A., *Outlines of the Synoptic Record* (Arnold), 6/0.
 Miller, Dr. J. R., *Sunshine Within* (Hodder & Stoughton), 1/0.

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

Harris, Ella I., *The Tragedies of Seneca, rendered into English Verse* (Frowde), 6/0 net.
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My Book of Memory—VI

A FRIEND said to me in seriousness that I take life as a colossal joke. The remark was not intended to hurt, but it did so, for no man who can think can find it in him to look upon life as a jest. I take it that the two most to be pitied of men are he who laughs at everything and he who never smiles; the fool—it is a hard word, but I must use it—is he who laughs in his heart and goes his way through life unthinking and unheeding; the miserable man is he who realises the actuality of sorrow, but fails to understand that a world of unalloyed joy would not be worth living in. For myself I am, I hope and believe, an optimist; I think that every grief has its compensating pleasure. I go further than this, holding that as a rule all men and women are equally happy; the poor have a happiness not known to the rich and these last have their own trials and troubles. Brains, money, beauty—all bring their burdens with them. The happiest man I know is a hopeless cripple.

As I look back on my life I cannot but judge it to have been on the whole happy, and so I am sure it is with most of us. There are, of course, those so sadly disordered that they cannot be happy, but theirs is a diseased existence; they are abnormal, wrong in mind, or in body, so far as the two can be counted separate, or in both. It is such as these who are ever desiring something that they have not and are unable to be happy in those things which they have. For, after all, is not the truest definition of happiness "having what you want and wanting what you have"? I cannot recall who said this, but believe it was that genial humourist Artemus Ward.

We are too apt, are we not, to write down as a jester of less wisdom than wit the man who meets life with a smile and a happy word? Yet to do so is the essence of wisdom and the height of good-neighbourliness. Of the races with which I am acquainted I have found the Japanese the most truly polite, and they hold that a man should lock his sorrow in his heart and help the world to be happy by bearing a brave face to it. Do they not hold by the better part? The men and women who do good in the world are those who can brighten their own and others' lives with a smile. The cynic is a dog who has found his bone meatless; the whiner is a misery to himself and to others. Some one said truly enough that he counted a day as misspent during which he had not laughed. The laughter of fools, we know, is as the crackling of thorns under a pot, but the laughter of those who know the bitterness of tears is the salt of life.

Another friend said to me the other day that it was strange how soon a sorrow, however great, can be forgotten. But if our griefs were ever with us, how wretched a dwelling place the world would become. Let the dead bury their dead; do not let the sadness of yesterday stand between us and the sunshine of to-day. All this you will say is mere commonplace; some of you will call it cant; but it is well sometimes to be reminded of simple commonplaces; we are apt to be too abstruse.

All the greatest writers have been optimists, have seen the sunny side of life as well as the dark, and I myself hold that they all, too, have been humourists. It is curious as we look back at the Elizabethan period to note that the one writer of all that splendid company who is alive to-day is Shakespeare, who could see not only all the tragedy but all the comedy of human life. His fellows were often men of fine poetic gifts,

but were never essentially humourists, so are read now by students only; but Shakespeare still holds the stage in every sense of the word, his works are kept fresh by the salt of humour. And we cannot doubt as we read him that he sorrowed over many things, but that on the whole life was pleasant to him; he permitted the dead to bury their dead; he faced the world with a brave face, and—doubtless one or other of his friends reproached him with looking on life as a colossal joke. Had one done so, probably he would have been answered with—a smile. So is it with all the others—I will confine myself to English letters: Milton had a sense of the jocundity of life, as he shows us in some of his shorter verses; Chaucer, Bunyan, Addison, Swift, Scott, Pope, Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Meredith, to summon but a few witnesses. The humour need not be upon the surface; sometimes it lies so deep as almost to compel tears; but there it must be, I hold, if the work is to live. Art must be life, the expression of human emotions, and life is compounded of comedy and tragedy. Of course, there are one or two exceptions; Spenser for one, had he any sense of humour?

So I may be content and take as unintended compliment the accusation made against me. Content, ah, I suppose in that lies the gist of the matter; not an over-blown content, a lethargy, but a content with what one gains by hard work; content with our wages; content with our friends. There are many things I would change an I could, but then I cannot, so why repine? There are many things I would have; let me strive for them, but if I gain them not, why mourn? Some things I have of the many I desire, why destroy my joy in these because of the lack of other goods? If sorrow comes my way, why not laugh in his grey face, salute him respectfully and pass on?

Yes, you say, such may be a good rule of life, but have you no moments when you cannot rejoice? I have, you have, we all have many such, to which we should succumb were we not braced to meet them by a life of healthy good humour. Such humour cannot be acquired; but there are few born without any grain of it. Nourish the grain, cultivate it, mature it, treasure it. It is the wheat and the tares of life will choke it if you be not careful.

All of which brings me back once more to that saying that "Those whom the gods love die young," for my interpretation of which some good friends have laughed at me. We shall die young, however long we live, if we hold fast to good-humour; laughter is the elixir vitæ.

The books of to-day seem not to me to be so merry as those of yester-year; some try to be funny, but are sad; some endeavour to be tragic, but are merely sordid. Is the world growing old and grey, or rather the men and women in it? Surely not, only they take themselves too seriously, so much so that they weep over trifles and mourn over details. The great sorrows of life take care of themselves and bury themselves; the little ones, let us smile upon them; tears do not dim the eyesight, they make it the more clear, and the clearer we can see into life and into our neighbour's heart the saner will be our laughter and the fewer will be our tears.

"Let us eat, drink and be merry" is the credo of the fool; "let us cry and let us laugh, each in its appointed time," that is, I trust, the creed of the wise man, and I hold and have ever held it firm.

E. G. O.

A Well-Worn Theme

HEREDITY and environment, science tells us, are the factors which determine one and all of us; there is no cause of any human character or any human action which cannot be classed under one or other of these heads. Science also, like the proverbial philosophy and the daily converse of all times and places, attempts to take stock of the relative importance of these two factors, and can answer this question with perhaps as much of precision as she is able to impart to any of her dicta that deal with the phenomena of life. She inclines to assert that not only the poet, but also the clerk and the shopman, are born and not made. This is, indeed, only another way of saying that savages exist whose language contains no word for any number above three, and that of a savage with the hereditary endowment thus indicated, no environment could make a bank-clerk. Similarly, of course, it is self-evident that the mental and moral qualities necessary behind a counter cannot be developed save in inherited material of a certain structure. The importance of heredity is primary and inestimable.

Equally evident is it that heredity never can confer anything more than potentialities. Golden or saturnine, they are no more. Environment determines which of these shall never even be suspected to exist and which shall see full fruition; which shall be led forth or, to use the Latin, *educated*, and which shall be suppressed. Education, then, I may compendiously define as the provision of an environment; good education provides a fit, vicious education an unfit, environment. So complex is the human body—I cannot say nervous system, for the viscera is as deep as the mind, and the mere possession of a smooth skin affects the behaviour of others, and thus the mind of its owner—that no two of us are precisely alike. The environment fittest for any one of us is therefore not the fittest for any other. The existence of personality furnishes the root-problem of education.

But in education, as in art, to recognise the fact and the worth of individuality is not to deny the existence of criteria and principles. Difficult beyond all others though it may be, there yet is, or will be, a science of education. That science, when adult, will do great things for humanity; and perhaps we can do it no greater service than by recognising that only its foundations are as yet laid.

It is in this belief that one welcomes every sign of discontent with our present educational arrangements and every attempt to gain something better. In this matter the City of Liverpool is taking a lead. Its Education Committee—has every city an education committee?—has lately commissioned Professor Michael Sadler to inquire into the state of secondary education in that city, and his report lies before me. My compliments to Liverpool. She is of some commercial importance, I am assured, but to me she is of interest on other grounds, four in number. She has the finest ambulance system in this country and is helping to educate the Metropolis in this matter. Her young School of Tropical Medicine is already world-famous, having given us, among other things, the knowledge which is now proceeding to exterminate malaria. She has lately founded a University, "raised by men of Liverpool for the advancement of learning and the ennoblement of life." And, finally, she has installed in the Chair of Education there the most distinguished occupant of such a chair in this country, and has shown her appreciation of her prize by giving him plenty to do.

Professor Michael Sadler's report is a model of method and thoroughness and insight. I do not propose to pay it the poor compliment of attempting to discuss its main points in this space. One might comment at any length on many of Professor Sadler's recommendations, such as that which deals with the "inadequacy of the salaries generally given to secondary schoolmasters in England." The utter disproportion between value of service rendered and remuneration for it, which we see at every turn, is one of the problems to be faced by the sociologist of the future. Must there not be something grossly wrong in the system which enables a Caruso to earn in an evening a larger sum than the salary offered for a year of the most important, difficult and irksome work? Even between writing and schoolmastering the balance, as I see it, is utterly wrong. The conscientious writer is, in his measure, an educator. His function differs from that of the schoolmaster in method but not in kind. The schoolmaster is indispensable, the journalist is not, for he is only a retailer, and is often merely a means of diverting people from the great masters of all past ages. You will surely not dispute that your time and ability to read might be much better occupied than in reading my articles; the only ethical defence for my stuff is that, if I ceased to write it, worse might replace it. Yet the indispensable schoolmaster is scandalously underpaid, all things considered, in comparison with the superfluous journalist. I hope that Professor Sadler's words on this point may find a billet somewhere. They say that no one of any ability now enters the Church; "it is such a wretched career"; and if an intelligent man does take orders he is forthright made a Bishop. The more's the pity that the same should be true of teaching. This is perhaps the urgent problem to-day; the framing of ideal curricula is easy enough, but it is just the ideal curriculum that the nincompoop cannot administer.

C. W. SALEEBY.

The Significance of Similes

LANGUAGE is a solemn thing. It grows out of life—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness. Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined." This is very true, and the study of the growth of language reveals the fact that in the lightest conversation we all say far more than we think. We cannot use the most usual sentence without unconsciously probing to the dimmest depths from which spoken expression has been evolved.

It is natural to us to compare given things with others, and without metaphors and similes we should be considerably at a loss; but the manner of the comparison varies so greatly that we can truly say that not only the individuality of the speaker, but the informing spirit of his place and age are reflected in his choice of comparisons. Homer's imagery is entirely drawn from the things of nature, as befitted an open-air nation; and the particular occupations of his people can be faithfully traced in his frequent choice of similes among shepherds and flocks, the ocean and rivers. In Virgil this out-of-door imagery is combined with a more frequent recognition of the human element; what in Homer is an eagle ranging the skies for prey is in Virgil a "sparrow flying through a rich man's house looking for food." In modern writers the equation is entirely changed; Homer pictures man in relation to

nature, while such thinkers as Emerson invariably place nature in its relation to man.

Personal bias is, of course, to a large extent responsible for the choice of individual simile, so that we find Tennyson mild and pastoral, Longfellow calm in the primeval vastness, Kipling rough and virile to the point of brutality; but this does not prevent the general tone of their imagery from reflecting their age and environment.

This is of the obvious similes; but no one realises to what an extent we all use the language of metaphor. Emerson says: "Every word which is used to express a moral or intellectual fact, if traced to its root, is found to be borrowed from some material appearance." He instances right, meaning straight; wrong, twisted; supercilious being literally "the raising of the eyebrow." The words which we use as certainly as though they now bore their original and arbitrary meaning, have all come from similes which have in their time been as obvious as those of our careful choice. We speak of "an old fogey," meaning as surely "moss-grown" as if we had had the credit of choosing the comparison, but quite unaware of using the simile. When these first similes have become unconscious in this way the need arises for further comparisons, so that the language is continually growing. Similes are now the outcome of imaginative minds, working on the basis provided by dim predecessors who made a study of essential likenesses. They are imitative names objectively considered, whereas onomatopoeia is purely subjective.

It is from the inherent inclination to simile that we obtain parables and allegories. The use of the parable is to convey a truth more comprehensibly to its particular audience than in its original conditions. The parable of the sower and the seed brought home to its agricultural audience with particular force the truth which it represented. Like all parables, it was an elaborated simile. Allegories, on the other hand, illustrate another use of the comparative method; they wrap a truth in a fantastic garment in order that the imagination may find sufficient pleasure in unravelling them to continue till the truth be unfolded. Allegories are as imaginative as parables are practical; and the simile stands between the two, mother of both, and midway in scope. Slang is an over-done use of simile in its conscious form. In its unconscious form the simile has an influence on language and thought which can hardly be calculated. The language we use is a mystery to the huge majority of those who speak it. It is made by all, yet no man makes it. If the history of the simile were written it would be a library of history and biography, and, if followed to its source, we should trace it inextricably mingled with the progress of the world from the first halting communication between primeval men.

H. PEARL HUMPHRY.

"John Bull's Other Island"

DOUTLESS Mr. Bernard Shaw has been much amused by the various attempts made to provide an interpretation of his new play, "John Bull's Other Island." It is a difficult task to discover any meaning in most of the plays of to-day, just as it is too easy to find meanings in old plays which were never dreamed of by their authors. Surely the seekers were reckoning without their Shaw, for the inner meaning of "John Bull's Other Island" is simply that Mr. Bernard Shaw has given up Ireland as a conundrum

which even he—an Irishman—cannot solve. Of intrigue the piece has nothing, of coherency none, of wit much—though not always fresh—of fine characterisation, and therefore of human interest, a great deal. But the dramatic value of the play is small, not so much because of its lack of plot as on account of its mixed motives and its aimlessness. The fact that one person is going to marry another happens to conclude the piece but does not finish it. Compared with "Candida," "John Bull's Other Island" is as milk to cream. Of the characters the principals are Broadbent and Larry Doyle, an English man and an Irish, the former an obtuse egoist with a mouth full of commonplaces and an aching void where should have been his sense of humour. Larry is an Anglicised Irishman, half dreamer, half cynic, a ne'er-do-weel in the sense that he can do no good thing because he cannot make up his mind that any thing is really good. These two, fast friends, pay a visit to Roscullen, where lives Larry's father Corney, his Aunt Judy, Nora, to whom he as a lad was romantically attached, but for whom he now has, apparently, no deep affection. There are others, Father Dempsey—a failure on Mr. Shaw's part, being more akin to a caricature of an English parson than to a portrait of an Irish priest—Matthew Haffigan, an old gentleman with a grievance; and Keegan, an unfrocked priest, who admits that he is mad—is so, undoubtedly—yet talks much beautiful sense. These are the chief people of the piece and we are given their various views of Ireland and of things Irish. Larry shows no sign of affection for Nora, who incontinently consoles herself on the robust bosom of Broadbent and so an end. There was much wit, much wisdom, much fun, much of many good things, but nothing of the essence of a play—interest in human beings working out their salvation or damnation. Had not Mr. Bernard Shaw himself dubbed his work a play there would be no cause for complaint; but he called us in to see a play and gave us a most delightful kaleidoscopic entertainment. More power to his pen.

The acting, all round, was of a very high order of excellence. Mr. Louis Calvert has done nothing better than Broadbent; he was the man, and he has the great gift of thinking as he speaks, instead of merely speaking the words of others, as so many of our actors are content to do. Broadbent's brain—such as it is—worked in conjunction with his tongue. Mr. J. L. Shine was surprisingly natural as the discontented Larry. Miss Ellen O'Malley made us sympathise with Nora as far as the author permitted her to do. She showed a refined sense of character, and should, when opportunity serves, provide us with great acting. Mr. A. E. George, an actor with a keen sense of character, was admirable as Haffigan, and Mr. Granville Barker almost realised the part of Keegan.

W. T. S.

Aubrey Beardsley

THE display of a hundred originals of the now world-famous drawings of Aubrey Beardsley at Carfax's Gallery in Ryder Street is an unforgettable thing. Here are examples of his beautiful hand's craft, from the childish, hesitating, early endeavour to draw his own portrait down to the last efforts he was making to enter into a new style with the pencil designs for "Volpone" when he died. Here, then, we may see him develop from the overdrawn

early Burne-Jones-cum-Japanese style, for the "Morte D'Arthur" series, to the flat blacks and simple line of "The Yellow Book" and "Salome" period, and so to his great "Savoy" period that gave us some of the greatest masterpieces in line that the world has ever seen.

No man drew from line the music that is in it as Aubrey Beardsley drew it by the strange and haunting magic of his genius. Whether his pen drew the dotted line that so wondrously suggests muslin and the like woman's light fripperies; whether it drew the swinging line that sings like a violin's music; whether he drew the beautiful outline of a woman's shoulder so that it seems to contain the very dainty flesh itself; whether he tricked in the charming landscape or the dandy's dressing-room or the anterooms of the beaux and belles of Pope's day, it was all done with a resonant sense that is like very music. It may be that he too often plays with the indecencies; but he sets down even the naughtinesses with consummate art. Look at the Ali Baba—surely in that figure he has stated the full-bellied voluptuary so that it seems to breathe the whole bestiality of the East. It is a perfectly legitimate statement—as legitimate as Hogarth or Rabelais. It is when he sniggers and winks and nods that he is really unforgivable; and he is sometimes wholly unforgivable.

But how intensely beautiful he could be! Take that exquisite *cul-de-lampe* from "The Pierrot of the Minute"; the beauty of the thing is a marvel. Or take the "Frontispiece" to "Das Rheingold," surely as perfect a piece of decorative line as we shall ever see!

With Aubrey Beardsley died one of the greatest masters of line that the world has known. There is something appallingly pathetic in the death of this young fellow at the very moment when his powers were developing to the full, his imagination perfecting, his fancy becoming orderly and dainty. The quality of his artistic achievement places him not only in the front rank of the masters of his century, but of all time. Death struck the youngster down, a mere boy; indeed, he had scarce grown to the verge of manhood, for he still aped the habit of the boy's idea of manhood, pretending to unmitigated sin, and walking the measure of his life ribaldly, laboriously essaying to shock the ladies. In the midst of all this extreme youngness, his voice scarce broken to manhood's speech, Death came and with bitter irony cut the frail thread of his life, as cynically indifferent to the cruel thing it did as was Beardsley to the immense possibilities of his own genius.

Beardsley's career was guarded by the fairies. At eighteen he had begun, and at nineteen produced, "Morte D'Arthur"; at twenty the "Salome"; and at twenty-two "The Rape of the Lock"! At twenty he had besides begun his celebrated series for "The Yellow Book," for which his work was its chiefest glory—done, that is to say, at a time of life when most men at the universities are only thinking of taking their degrees—at a time of life when most art students are at their lessons. At twenty-two he was making his "Savoy" drawings

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world-famous at a time of life when most men are beginning to ascend at the bottom rung of the ladder of their careers.

Beardsley was fortunate indeed in receiving such vast and early recognition. One would have thought that his work contained no single element of popularity; yet he was, whilst still a youth, one of the best-known and most talked-about men of his time.

And if there is much that is hectic and unhealthy in his art, it must be remembered that the lad's death-sentence was writ across his day's uprising. And with all a consumptive's passionate desire to see the full of life within its curtailed span, he leaped frantically to a jiggling measure, Death rattling the castanets at his heels as he went. So he died almost before the dawn was strong upon his lip. His death left the art of England the poorer; his life left it richer in imagination, in art, and in national genius.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Correspondence

The Shakespeare Memorial

SIR,—Amongst the varied topics treated of in your interesting paper I have not chanced on one I would fain call "The Charm of the Weed." The theme of the smoker occupies my mind not, but the æsthetic value of the wild and original in highly developed centres of civilisation. The most salient feature of the country as opposed to the town is, maybe, the wealth of exquisitely finished detail defying classification. Millions of daintily fashioned leaves overpower the eyesight, thousands of sounds of breeze and bird and insect claim attention from the ear. In such profusion it is almost impossible to isolate, and hence to idealise and magnify. In modern cities, on the contrary, we have a clean sweep of detail. Regularity and uniformity reduce us to a wellnigh perpetual condition of ennui. In a large town room, distinguished by artistic unity of any kind, place a bowl of prize roses. They have their magnificent value, true; but, at the same time and in the same room, set a nosegay of tall buttercups and rushes or buttercups and daisies. The blow strikes home; the "pointed pleasure," as Stevenson would call it, awakens joy. The intimate "charm of the weed" has worked its spell. So with our theatres we are overdone with crimson and white and gold lounges. To enjoy the rarest of luxuries, an æsthetic surprise, we should have an ancient playhouse of the Elizabethan period. The walls of dark panelling would throw up the human faces and raiment, while the stage would be fascinating in its quaintness. Most important of all, the voices of the actors would be relieved from the burden of bearing artificial canvas and paint, and would play upon our ears as on a delicate unthrummed instrument. We have small conception how to enjoy our amusements, no realisation of the "Charm of the Weed." If anything comes of a Shakespeare Memorial may it, for life's sake, include a model of the Globe Theatre, in its ancient proportions. Courage to lead the timid where they would fain go but know not how is all that is needed. Courage to assert the "Charm of the Weed" in our great cities.—Yours, &c.

A. S.

Dickens

SIR,—Will you allow me to reply, as briefly as possible, to the letter that appeared recently on "Dickens as a Novelist"? Does the writer imagine that an artist of very low rank could describe such scenes as the deaths of Fagin and Bill Sikes? Does he call the death of Sydney Carton a caricature or an exaggeration? And surely such a character as Tom Pinch is "lifelike." I, at any rate, hope so. As to E. G. O.'s contributions being "gush," I can only say that if I find D. F. H.'s article in the "Westminster Review" half so sympathetic or half so kindly, I shall not count it as read in vain.—Yours, &c.

DELTA.

"Love in Chief"

SIR,—In noticing my story, "Love in Chief," your reviewer has been misled into thinking me an American by the publisher's name on the title-page. America is really quite innocent in the matter. The story is English, the characters are English, the author is English, has always lived in England, and has not spoken to half a dozen Americans in the course of her life.—Yours, &c.

ROSE K. WEEKES.

A Prose Anthology

SIR,—Can any one tell me of a really representative anthology of English prose, suitable for showing to foreigners the beauties of all the best English prose-literature; also for giving lessons to foreigners in English literature? An experienced teacher of English to well-educated and appreciative foreigners tells me there is no such thing. She has to let them buy the banalities and scraps of "Royal Readers" and such like, intended only for English children, and they are unwilling to buy whole authors or even many whole books. Such a collection ought to be made if it does not exist. It ought to consist of those essays or extracts from books which have been accounted masterpieces by such popular and enduring acclaim as really must count for more than the fads of modern critics and the changeful voice of fashion, which praises an author only because the last fashion flouted him. It ought to contain, for example, Lamb's "Essay on Roast Pig" (because it is most quoted and people ought, therefore, to know it); Macaulay's description of the Chapel of St. Peter in the Tower; the Storm in "David Copperfield"; Ruskin's description of St. Mark's; the duel between Esmond and the King; the trial from "Pickwick." I quote these as they occur to me, and have not space for more names.—Yours, &c.

E. J.

A Plea for Young Writers

SIR,—Your correspondent "Chatterbox" is quite right. It would be well if the book-writers would give unpublished authors a chance of winning success in the magazines. Moreover, the readers would benefit, for instead of the poorest work of known men they would obtain the best work of the still unknown, which might be more acceptable.—Yours, &c.

P. BEAUFROY.

"The House on the Hill"

SIR,—A publisher is always at a disadvantage when commenting upon a notice of a book he has issued, but I venture to think that there are special reasons why I may be allowed to reply personally to your reviewer's strictures upon M. Boylesve's "L'enfant à la Balustrade," of which I have published an English version—"The House on the Hill." Your reviewer holds that wise judgment should be exercised in the selection of French novels for translation. I agree; and it then becomes a question whose judgment—your reviewer's or the selector's (in this case myself) is likely to be the best informed and wisest? A life-long familiarity with French literature gives me, I think, some right to be heard when the merit of a particular French work has to be appraised. Your reviewer may have a better right; so long as he remains anonymous it is difficult to express an opinion. I can only say that my appreciation of M. Boylesve's work is shared, to my certain knowledge, by the French Academy and by every French critic of standing. I would further add that M. Boylesve's delicate realism, charming humour, and absence of anything strained or decadent, are just the qualities which I believe to have a permanent appeal for the best section of the English reading public. In expressing a contrary opinion your reviewer, I think, stands alone.

Yours, &c.,

ALFRED MEW.

The New Writers' Column

WE believe that there are a large number of clever and thoughtful writers who find it difficult to place their first work; we desire to help them. We will consider carefully any article sent in to us, in length not more than 500 words, if guaranteed by the writer that no composition of his (or hers) has ever been printed or published in any journal, magazine or other publication, or in book form, and if the article is suitable to the pages of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE and of sufficient merit, we will print it in THE NEW WRITERS' COLUMN, sending the writer a cheque in accordance with our usual rate of payment. The article must be signed with the author's full name. We must trust to contributors' sense of honour not to abuse our confidence.

RULES.

1. The article may be on any subject of literary, art, or antiquarian interest; freshness of subject, of treatment and style will chiefly influence the acceptance of any article.
2. The length of the article must not exceed five hundred words.
3. MS. must be written clearly, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
4. The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence regarding this column.
5. If contributors desire their MSS. to be returned in case of their not being printed, stamps must be sent for this purpose.
6. No MS. will be considered that is not accompanied by the writer's full name and address and an intimation that the writer is qualified to write for the *New Writers' Column*.
7. All communications must be addressed to the Editor, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.; the envelope being marked "N. W. C." on top left-hand corner.
8. The Editor will not hold himself responsible for any lost MS.; a duplicate copy should be kept by the writer.
9. Each MS. must have attached to it the competition coupon (given on one of the cover pages).

New Monthly Competition

WE shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 1s., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 1s. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 1s. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed five hundred words or be less than four hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 2 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR FIRST COMPETITION

"THACKERAY'S LETTERS TO AN AMERICAN FAMILY."
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NOTICE

Competitors' MSS. must reach this office not later than November 15 (Tuesday next.)

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

THE STAGE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.—In "Richard II." v. 2 occur the following lines:

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious, &c.

These lines evidently refer to the acting of a comedy; at least, there can be no reference to a morality play. Is it another case of "the sea-coast of Bohemia"?—W.D. (Belfast).

BEN JONSON'S CRITICISMS.—In "Julius Caesar" (III. i. 47, 48) occur these lines:

Know Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

In his well-known criticism of Shakespeare in his "Discoveries," Ben Jonson says: "Many times he [Shakespeare] fell into those things which could not escape laughter as when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him, 'Caesar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Caesar never did wrong but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous." It has been surmised that Shakespeare corrected the original reading to the accepted one in deference to Ben's criticism. In the same play occur the lines (II. i. 44):

The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

Is it not possible that these lines, too, may have been inserted as the result of one of the learned Ben's ponderous attacks at the Mermaid? It is easy to imagine his delight at finding Shakespeare make Brutus read in his garden in the middle of the night.—E. W. Hendy (Wilmslow).

FALSTAFF.—What is the origin of the name Falstaff?—Nissim Lisbona (Manchester).

HERNE THE HUNTER.—Did W. H. Ainsworth, in his "Windward Castle," weave the tale of Herne the Hunter from the story given briefly by Shakespeare in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (IV. iv.), or did he obtain his information from other sources—local tradition, legends, &c.?—W.B. (Kensington).

THE "CENTAUR" AND THE "PHOENIX."—In his "Comedy of Errors" the Centaur (I. ii. 8), the Phoenix (I. ii. 75), the Tiger (III. i. 95), and the Porpoise (III. i. 116), &c., occur as names of inns. Are these merely fancy names, or is it known whether there were inns actually called by these names in London or elsewhere in Shakespeare's time?—E. W. Hendy (Wilmslow).

LITERATURE.

HOMOIOUSION, HOMOGUSTON.—Can any one tell me the meaning of the two words "Homoiousion" and "Homogouston"? I found them in Carlyle's "Essay on the Hero as Prophet," but he gives no explanation of their meaning, merely styling them "vain logical jingle."—Winifred Annie Horwood (Brockley, S.E.).

"BLOOD-DRINKER'S BURIAL."—Miss Petowker, in "Nicholas Nickleby," recites this poem at the Kenwigs' party. Is there such a poem?—T.H.G. (Liverpool).

"TO HIDE HIS DIMINISHED HEAD."—What is the origin of the phrase "To hide his diminished head"? Has it any connection with the musical "diminished sevenths," which are of the most plaintive and forlorn character?—G. Verney.

MRS. MARSH, NOVELIST.—Can any one tell me anything about Mrs. Marsh, the author of "Emilia Wyndham," "The Admiral's Daughter," "The Previsions of Lady Evelyn," and other stories? In "The Admiral's Daughter," if I remember right, she anticipated the leading incident in "East Lynne," the repentant wife coming in disguise to her former home. Where can her books be obtained, and was any Life of her published? Her books seemed to me remarkable for their beauty of style, tenderness, and charity, and also intensely interesting.—L. A. Jones (Sevenoaks).

SALTABADIL AND SCORONCONCOLO.—In T. Gautier's account of the first representation of "Hernani," there occurs the following: "Cet enjambement audacieux, impertinent même, semblait un spadassin de profession, un Saltabadil, un Scoronconcolo allant donner une pichenette sur le nez du classicisme pour le provoquer en duel." What is alluded to in these two words?—Thomas Beaumont (Glasgow).

GENERAL.

THE GAY LOTHARIO.—Who was the gay Lothario?—K.H. (Munich).

* **LORDS OF THE COUNCIL.**—In the Church of England Litany we pray for the "Lords of the Council and all the nobility." I wonder how many of the thousands who use this petition have any distinct idea as to whom they mean by the "Lords of the Council." I presume that it refers to the Privy Council, but if so it almost seems superfluous for these days, as the Council has so few executive duties, unless we have in mind the Cabinet as a committee of the Privy Council, but of course the Cabinet system was not in existence when the Prayer-book was compiled. In the prayer for the nobility does it refer to them as the aristocracy and the leaders of the people, or has it reference to their position as legislators? If so, why did the compilers of the Prayer-book omit all reference to the House of Commons in the Litany, or not speak of the High Court of Parliament as a whole, as in another part of the Prayer-book?—*Thomas Jones (Oldham).*

* **TO VOICE.**—Can any of your readers inform me when the verb "to voice" came into existence? It is now often used in the sense of giving outward expression to sentiments or feelings. It may, perhaps, supply a want, but I think the usage is very recent. Is it to be found in any standard author's work?—*H. B. Foyster (Hastings).*

DR. JOHNSON'S DEATH-BED.—With reference to Dr. Johnson's remark, when on his death-bed, to Mr. Windham, who had smoothed his pillow, "That will do—all that a pillow can do," am I not right in saying that the second remark was unnecessary, as, according to Skeat, there is a verb "to do," Anglo-Saxon *dugan*, to avail, to be worth, which justifies the first use of the verb?—*E.A.S. (Bournemouth).*

THE LONG "S."—It is commonly thought that the long "s" was the same as "f" in old-fashioned printing type, but this was not the case. The difference was to be found in the cross-strokes of the two letters. In the "f" this was either carried right through the upright or was found on the right-hand side of the letter only; in the long "s," however, this cross-bar was never seen except on the left of the down-stroke, looking at the letter. Were there any other reasons for the use of this elongated letter than the infinitesimal difference of size, and the comparative ease with which it could be, and very often was, cast together with another letter with which it frequently occurred? And was Beil's "English Theatre," published at the end of the eighteenth century, the first instance in which the long "s" was discarded?—*A.J.P. (Gravesend).*

LAURENS.—Can any one refer me to any biographical details of Laurens, head cook to George III., who is credited with having bought for his master many of the art treasures now at Windsor Castle? Is he referred to in any of the contemporary memoirs? If so, where?—*F.S.*

DACTYLOLOGY.—Who first invented the art of talking to the dumb with the fingers of the hand, known as dactylogy?—*James M. Michael, Jun.*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

"**THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.**"—The tradition that "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was written by command of Queen Elizabeth is not without foundation. There are three authorities for this statement; the other writers on this subject merely echo their sentiments. In 1703 Mr. John Dennis (born 1657) published what he was pleased to consider an improved version of "The Merry Wives." In the epistle dedicatory, speaking of Shakespeare's work, he says: "I knew very well that it had pleased one of the greatest Queens that ever was in the world. . . . This comedy was written by her command, and at her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days." In 1709 Rowe, in his "Life of Shakespeare," says of Queen Elizabeth: "She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of 'Henry the Fourth' that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and show him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' How well she was obeyed the play itself is an admirable proof." In 1710 Gildon, in his "Remarks on the Plays of Shakespeare," concludes his notice of "The Merry Wives" thus: "The fairies, in the fifth act, make a handsome compliment to the Queen in her palace of Windsor, who had obliged Shakespeare to write a Play of Sir John Falstaff in Love, and which I am very well assured he performed in a fortnight." These three passages are the only authentic records we have of this tradition.—*Winifred Annie Horwood (Brockley).*

[Similar replies from *Nissim Liebana* (Manchester) and *K.G. (Dulwich).*]

"**THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.**"—John Dennis (1657-1734), the critic, of Harrow School, and Caius College, Cambridge, is the first to record the tradition that this play was written in obedience to a command of Queen Elizabeth. In a long dedicatory epistle to his play, called "The Comical Gallant," a wretched attempt at an improvement of "The Merry Wives," Dennis gives his reasons for perpetrating this audacity, as follows: "First, I knew very well that it had pleased one of the greatest Queens that ever was in the world. . . . This comedy was written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased with the representation." Again, in the Prologue he says:

But Shakespeare's play in fourteen days was writ,
And in that space to make all just and fit,
Was an attempt surpassing human wit.
Yet our great Shakespeare's matchless muse was such
None ere in so small time perform'd so much.

That "The Merry Wives" was a favourite with Gloriana we may accept as true, but we are not bound to believe that the entire play was finished in a fortnight. However, there are various traces of hasty composition shown in it.—*S.B.*

LITERATURE.

* **CAROL PAW.**—"Cato pawb," or "Duw cato pawb," an expletive used in South Wales as an equivalent for "Good gracious!" or "Great Scott!" is probably a corruption of "Cadw pawb"="Save (us) all!" or "Preserve (us) all!" The word *cadw* in this sense occurs in the Cymric version of "God save the Queen"—

Duw cadw a'r bob awr
Frenhines Prydain mawr.

Such a mild form of oath reminds us of what the Welsh carter said to George Borrow, that he swore at his horses in English because Welsh oaths were not strong enough.—*A.P.G.*

CRICKET IN SPAIN.—I have referred to the original Spanish of Cervantes (where the reference, by the way, is not to Cap. lxxi., but to Part II., Cap. xix.), and I find that Basilius is there described as "gran jugador de pelota." Jarvis is therefore wrong in translating "a great player at cricket." Pelota is tennis, which always was, and still is, a national game in Spain, especially in the Basque Provinces, where I have even seen on places of worship inscriptions warning the Basques that tennis is not allowed to be played against church walls!—*Banerjee.*

DANTE IN LONDON.—There is no record that Dante ever visited London, but as many of the early commentators agree that he went to Oxford, for purposes of study, he may very well have done so. Giovanni Villani, who was his contemporary, informs us that "he went to study at Bologna, and then to Paris, and to many parts of the world" (an expression that may well include England) "subsequently to his banishment." This was most probably in 1308. The fact of his having visited England rests on a passage alluding to it in the Latin poems of Boccaccio, and on the authority of Giovanni da Ferravalle, Bishop of Fermo, who, as Tiraboschi observes, though he lived at the distance of a century from Dante, might have known those who were contemporaries with him. This writer, in a commentary on the "Commedia," says of our poet: "Anagorice dilexit theologiam sacram, in qua diu studuit tam in Oxoniis in regno Anglie, quam Parisiis in regno Francie." &c. And again: "Dantes se in juventute dedit omnibus artibus liberalibus, studens eas Paduse, Bononie, demum Oxoniis et Parisiis." &c. Perhaps Dante did have a London fog in his mind when he described the horrors of Malebolge.—*Winifred Annie Horwood (Brockley).*

[Replies also received from *S.C. (Hove); M.A.C. (Cambridge); J.L.L. (St. Ives).*]

* **"CHARIOT AND HORSEMEN OF ISRAEL."**—George Adam Smith writes of the above passage: "It was his [Elisha's] ceaseless vigilance upon the enemy, his unbroken hope for his people through their worst defeats, which won for the aged prophet from his king the high name of the 'Chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.' Some critics have suggested that the name is a mere imitation of that already bestowed upon Elijah; but Elisha's services were such that more probably it was original in his case."—*Minnie Stewart (Belfast).*

* **"CHARIOT AND HORSEMEN OF ISRAEL."**—According to the editor of the Books of Kings in the "Temple Bible," this phrase is used in a descriptive sense, meaning "Thou hast been a better defence to Israel than chariots and horses."—*S. Butterworth (Carlisle).*

KIPLING'S SEVEN SEAS.—The Arab geographers of the Middle Ages reckoned "seven seas" on the way to China. Their names, as given by Masudi, are: (1) The Persian Sea—i.e. the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean as far as the delta of the Indus; (2) the Sea Al-Larevy—from the Indus Delta to Goa; (3) the Sea of Herkend—as far as Ceylon; (4) the Sea of Kalabar—off the Coromandel Coast; (5) the Sea of Kerdanj—the Bay of Bengal; (6) the Sea of Sanf, or Senf—in which are Sumatra and Java; (7) the Sea of Sanji, extending north-east from the Straits of Malacca. See Reinoud, "Relation des Voyages faite par les Arabes et les Persans dans l'Inde et à la Chine dans le 14^e siècle de l'ère Chrétienne" (Paris, 1845). Are not the Five Nations Great Britain and the four English-speaking colonies of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada? Perhaps, however, India (or the United States?) should be added as the fifth nation, and the mother country not reckoned as one. The title might have been borrowed from the Indian confederacy of the "Five Nations" in North America, which consisted of the Mohawks, Senecas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Oneidas. They are better known as the "Six Nations," having been afterwards joined by the Tuscaroras.—*A.W.*

REFERENCE FOUND.—"Thou covered if not with glory yet with meal" surely refers to the rather ignominious capture of Richard of Cornwall, King of the Romans, at the battle of Lewes, 1264; he had taken refuge from the troops of Simon de Montfort and the barons in a mill, from which he was dislodged, hence the above line.—*E.A.S. (Bournemouth).*

AUTHOR FOUND.—"The tongue that Shakespeare spoke." The lines are from one of Wordsworth's "Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty," and read thus:

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spoke: the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—*E. Percy Schofield (Burton-on-Humber).*

GENERAL.

GOOSE AS SYNONYM FOR SIMPLETON, FOOL.—This use of goose may be traced back to the fourteenth century in England, since Chaucer has "goosish" for goose-like, silly: "For to be war of goosish peples speche" ("Troilus and Criseyde," iii. 584). Some editors have turned the word "goosish" in the above line into "goyshe," which, according to Professor Skeat, is a blunder. Udall (1505-1506), in his translation of the "Apothegms of Erasmus," says: "We say in English as wise as a goose, or as wise as her mother's apen-string." The stupidity of the goose is probably inferred from its somewhat clumsy appearance and motions.—*M.A.C.*

* **"WALKER!"**—Various explanations are given for the use of the name Walker, or, as it is in full, Hookey Walker, as an expression of incredulity. Some derive it from the popular name of a clerk at Longman, Clements & Sons—John Walker in reality, but nicknamed Hookey on account of his hooked or crooked nose. He occupied the position of a spy upon the other workmen, whose interest it was to throw discredit on his reports to the head of the firm. Thus his evidence was disbelieved and his occupation ceased, though not his fame. According to another authority, the expression is derived from an aquiline-nosed Jew, named Walker, an outdoor astronomical lecturer, of some local notoriety in his day. Yet another authority refers it to "a magistrate of dreaded acuteness and incredulity," whose hooked nose gave the title of "beak" to all judges, constables, and policemen.—*M.A.C.*

* **BRIDE'S BED.**—Martin, in his account of the Western Islands of Scotland (1703), relates a custom observed on February 1, St. Bride's Day, the eve of the Lupercalia, midway between the winter solstice and the spring equinox: "The mistress and servants of each family take a sheaf of oats and dress it up in woman's apparel, then put it in a large basket, and lay a wooden club by it, and this they call Bride's Bed; and then the mistress and servants cry, 'Bried is come,' 'Bried is welcome,' three times. This they do just before going to bed, and when they rise in the morning they look among the ashes expecting to see the impression of Bried's club there, which, if they do, they reckon it a true presage of a good crop and prosperous year, and the contrary they take as an ill omen." (Quoted by Algernon Herbert, in "St. Brigid and Her Times.")—*E. C. Quiggin.*

* **"NO ONE SAW HIS PROFILE."**—It seems to me that the expression is a fanciful way of saying that the man looked every one squarely in the face. He was so honourable and of such a pure nature inwardly that he could meet any glance and had not to look away, and thus permit his "profile to be seen."—*Nissim Liebana (Manchester).*

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Junior Questions and Answers

[FOR RULES REFER TO LAST WEEK'S ISSUE.]

Questions

LITERATURE.

"DAVID COPPERFIELD."—How far is this story founded on the actual facts of Dickens' life?—*Dennis Bird.*

THACKERAY.—Has Thackeray any standing as a poet?—*Edith Drucquer.*

BROWNING.—Did Browning have any other eccentricities besides that of being an antivivisectionist?—*Henry Bartlett.*

"GATE OF TEARS AND BRIDGE OF SIGNS."—Where are they, and why are they so called?—*Jeanie Batey.*

THE MYSTICAL EGG.—What is the real mythical connection between the soul or mind of man and an egg streaked with colours, to which Rudyard Kipling refers in his new story "They"?—*Dorothy Jacobs.*

HISTORY.

"UNION JACK."—When was the "Union Jack" adopted?—*Matilda Rupp.*

GRAND PANNETER.—Can any one tell me what is the office of Grand Panneter at a coronation?—*Eleanor T. Harle.*

ST. HILDA'S BONES.—Is it true that when the Danes sacked Whitby Abbey in 867 the bones of St. Hilda were carried to Glastonbury Abbey, and, if so, did they remain there until the Dissolution?—*Edward Tudor Long.*

GENERAL.

MARRIAGE.—What was the origin of the custom of the gentleman presenting the lady with a ring on becoming engaged, and why is the ring worn on the third finger of the left hand?—*Gertie Wilkinson.*

*BUTTONS.—What is the origin of the custom of having two buttons on the back of a gentleman's coat?—*Flossie Hall.*

JOHN BROWN.—What is the meaning of the following lines said of John Brown, who tried to put down slavery in America?—

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on.—*Dora Brooke.*

PREFACE.—What is the derivation of the word "Preface," and what is its meaning?—*Ian Campbell.*

LUKE'S LITTLE SUMMER.—I have been told that the short spell of fine weather which we get in October is called "Luke's little summer." Can any one explain this?—*Sidney Moulé.*

ENGLISH PUNCTUATION.—When and by whom was the system of punctuation introduced into the English language?—*Sydney Thomas.*

WRONG SIDE OF THE BED.—The wrong side of the bed. What is the meaning and origin of saying, "You got out of bed on the wrong side"?—*Helen Brooke.*

PICTORIAL POSTCARDS.—I believe the sending of pictorial postcards had an interesting origin. Can any one tell me of it?—*Lizzie Anderson.*

Answers

LITERATURE.

ROYAL POETS.—Richard I. was one of the most noted troubadours of his day. Henry VIII. wrote many charming songs, setting them to music of his own composition; several of them are still extant, among them that favourite one, called "Pastime with Good Companie." Queen Anne Boleyn, his second wife, had also a decided talent for poetry, and the pathetic verses written by her on the eve of her execution are well known. Queen Elizabeth inherited her parents' gift, and wrote with considerable taste and skill. Among others, she was the author of the poem beginning "The doubt of future joys, Exiles my present joy." Her cousin, Mary Stewart, to whom she alludes in the said poem as "The daughter of debate, Who discord eye doth sow," was her rival in poetry as in politics.—*N. Hamlyn.*

ROYAL POETS.—Among poetical compositions of royalty one of the least known, but by no means least notable is the "King's Quair" (quair—a quire or book), written by King James I. of Scotland, and first published from the original manuscript (Selden Collection, Bodleian Library) by a W. Tyler at Edinburgh in 1783. The poem consists (roughly) of 1,400 lines in seven-line stanzas, the style being imitative of Chaucer, and the subject the King's love for the lady Joanna Beaufort. It is supposed to have been written while he was imprisoned in England. He married the lady in 1424, a few months before he returned to Scotland. My brother has a novel called "The Queen's Quair"; is it not likely that the title was suggested by the above? I think the "King's Quair" much clearer in its use of our language than many poems written to-day, which seem to me to aim at obscurity.—*Edith Skep.*

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.—Shakespeare's plays were not published during his lifetime, lest other companies should act them, which of course would not have paid him.—*Margaret Cook.*

A ROSE-RED CITY.—"A rose-red city half as old as time" is from an Oxford prize poem, called "Petra," written by Mr. J. W. Burgon, M.A.—*Leslie Keith Gifford-Wood.*

HISTORY.

SWAMP DRAINAGE.—The abbots of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, helped to drain the Romney marshes.—*Edith Jones.*

FIRE OF LONDON.—The number of churches burnt at the Fire of London was fifty-six, and the number of houses was about ten thousand.—*Edward Tudor Long.*

GENERAL.

CLOTHES-HORSE.—A horse, on which clothes are dried, was formerly a wooden frame on which soldiers were made to ride as a punishment.—*Eleanor T. Harle.*

UPPER TEN.—The expression "upper ten" means the aristocracy, and was possibly originated by a remembrance of the time when Rome was governed by the Decemvirs, or Council of Ten.—*N. Hamlyn.*

UPPER TEN.—The aristocracy. The term was first used by N. P. Willis in speaking of the fashionables of New York.—*Leslie Keith Gifford-Wood.* [Other answers from Eleanor T. Harle, and others.]

SPELLING SALT.—There is a legend that Judas upset the salt-cellar at the "Last Supper." This is the origin of the superstition that it is unlucky to spill the salt.—*N. Hamlyn.*

*SPELLING SALT.—Spilling salt was held to be an unlucky omen by the Romans, and the superstition has descended to ourselves. In Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture of the Lord's Supper Judas Iscariot is known by the salt-cellar knocked over accidentally by his arm. Salt was used in sacrifice by the Jews as well as by the Romans and Greeks. It was an emblem of purity. "Hence our Lord tells His disciples they are the salt of the earth." Spilling the salt after it was placed on the head of a victim was a bad omen, and hence the superstition.—*Leslie Keith Gifford-Wood.* [Other answers from Dora S. Johnson, and others.]

ROMAN ROADS.—The reason why Roman roads were so much superior to the present ones is that the Romans placed layer upon layer of flagstones, thus forming a road as solid as the top of a very thick wall.—*Edward Tudor Long.*

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.—The following verses have been written:

The pyramids first, which in Egypt were laid;
Next Babylon's gardens, for Amytis made;
Then Mausolus' tomb, of affection and guilt;
Fourth, the temple of Diana, in Ephesus built;
The Colossus of Rhodes, cast in brass to the sun;
The Pharos of Egypt, last wonder of old;
Or palace of Cyrus, cemented with gold;

—*Leslie Keith Gifford-Wood.*

WHAT IS ART?—A "definition" is of necessity "clear." Art is surely undefinable, because it includes so much. Any achievement which attains superlative excellence can claim to be Art; anything, that is, which can truly be described as "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."—*Edith Skep.*

MAUNDY MONEY, FIRST PRINTED BOOK, FIRST COMEDY, SHAKESPEARE'S FIRST PLAY, A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER, MAD POET, ASSASSIN, PICTURE GALLERIES.—Further answers received from Helen Brooke, Eleanor Harle, Ethel Bishop, Dorothy Pelham, N. Hamlyn.

[Eleanor Harle, in answer to her question, is referred to the rule which permits one coupon to suffice for all members of one family.]

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